Supplementary Materials

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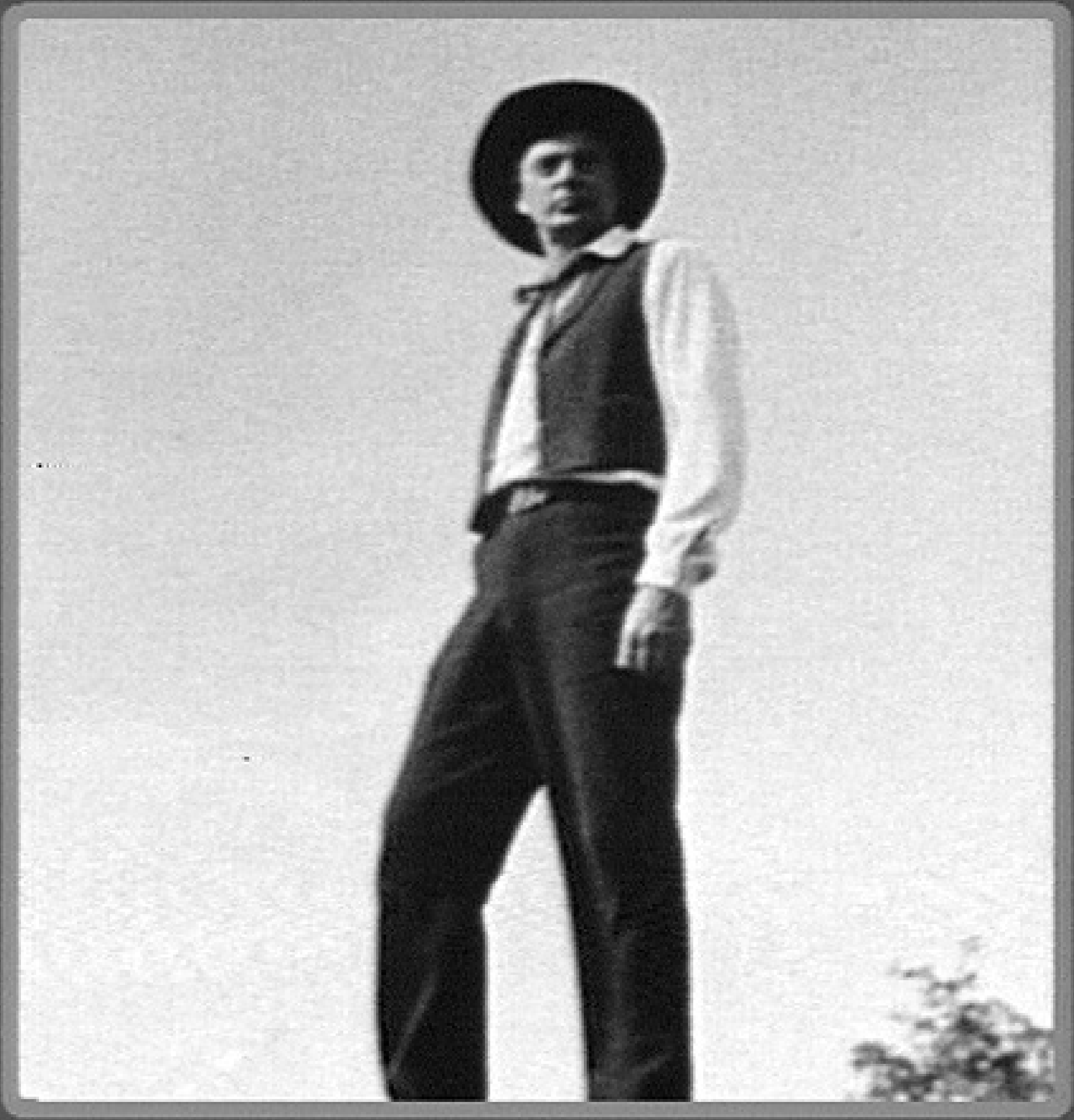
Press Play for Trailer

Chapter 19

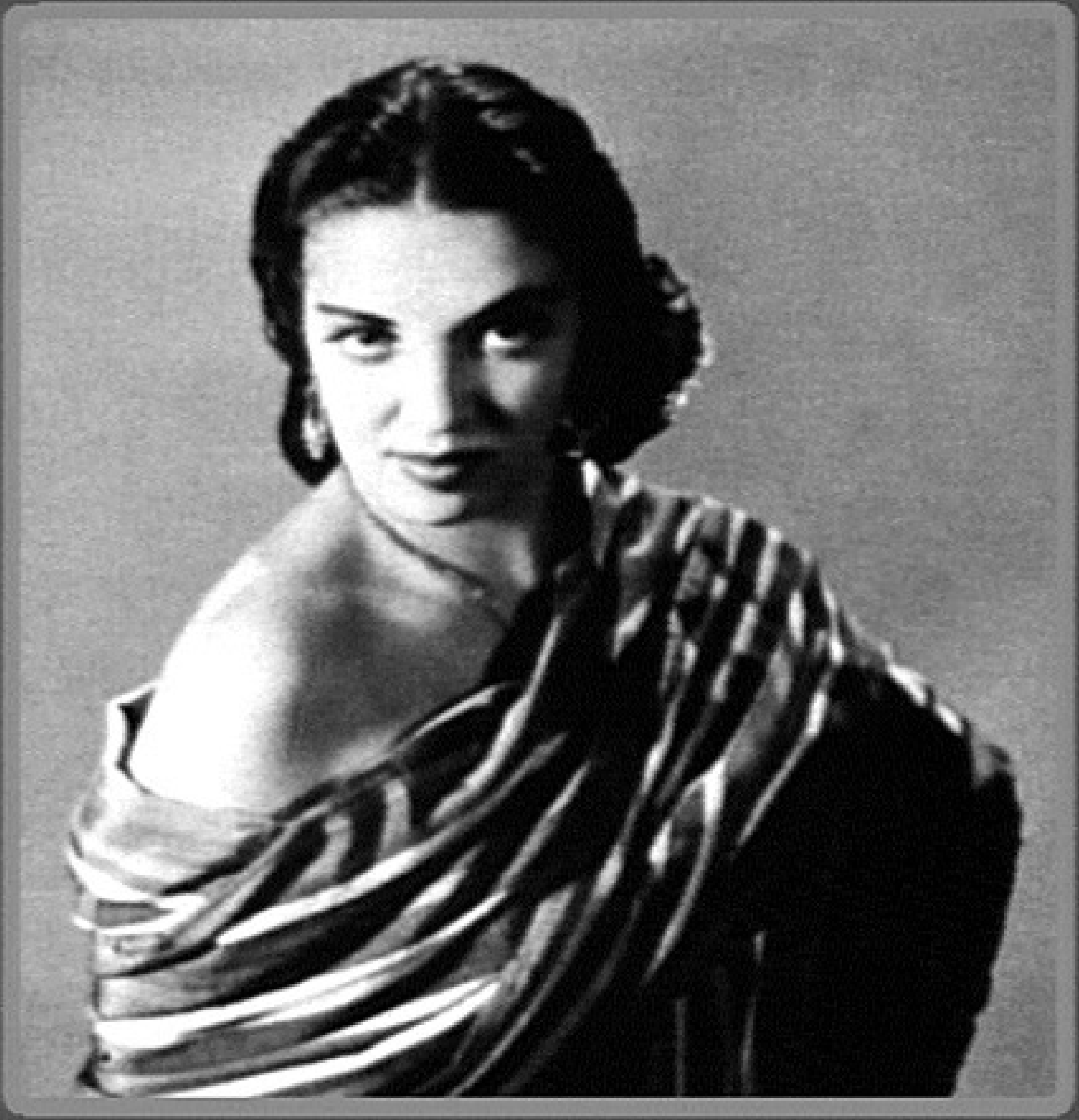
Publicity Stills, Candid Photos and Storyboards

Use the Still-Step button on your remote control to advance frame-by-frame at your own pace.

The following publicity stills and candid photos were shot on location during the making of *High Noon*. As you will see publicity stills often include shots that never appear in the actual film, and may have nothing to do with the film's story.



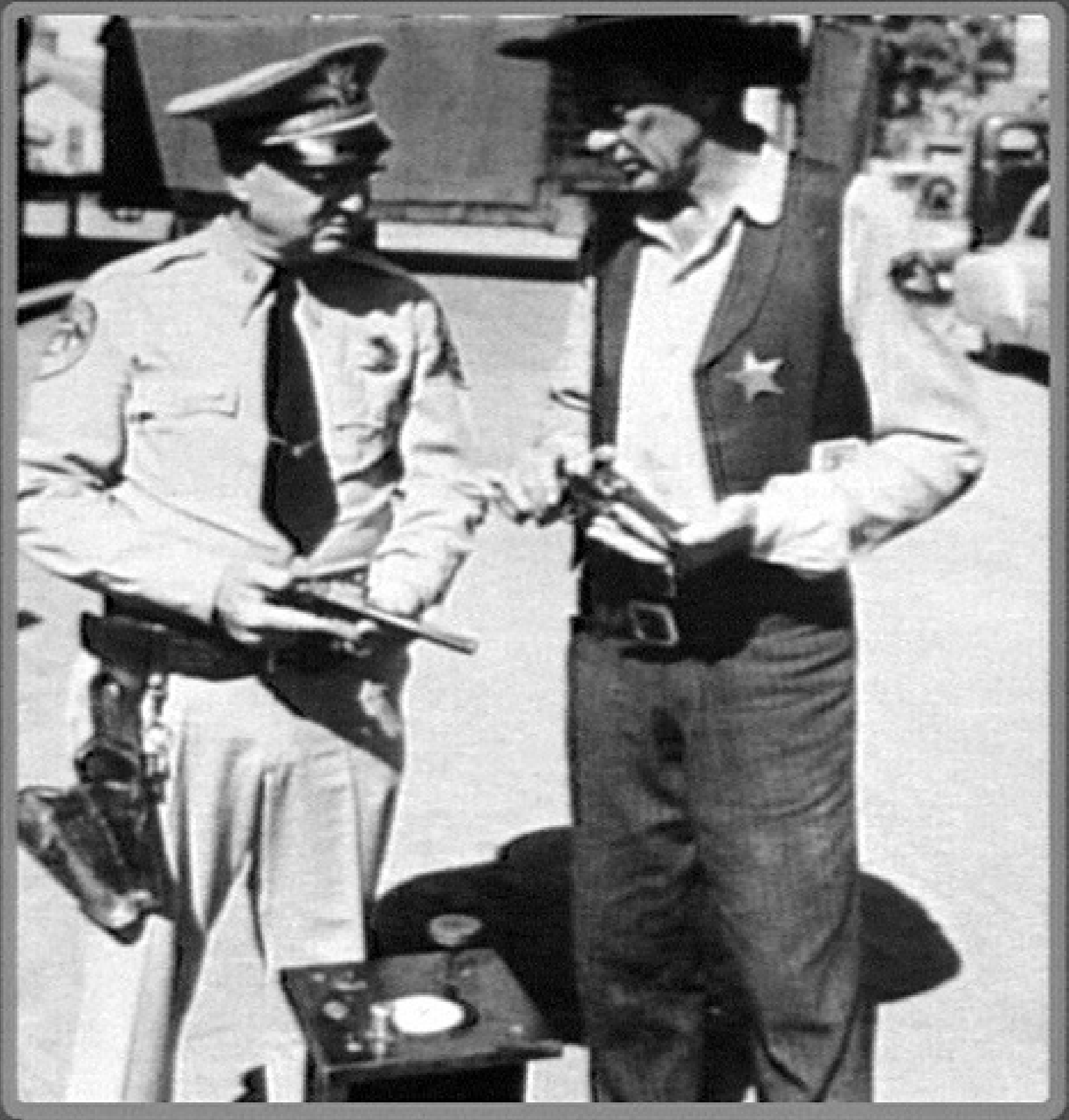
Katy Jurado was given the conventional publicity buildup of the period in which she was labeled, "The Mexican Bombshell." Curiously, the collection of publicity shots contains no similar portraits of Grace Kelly.



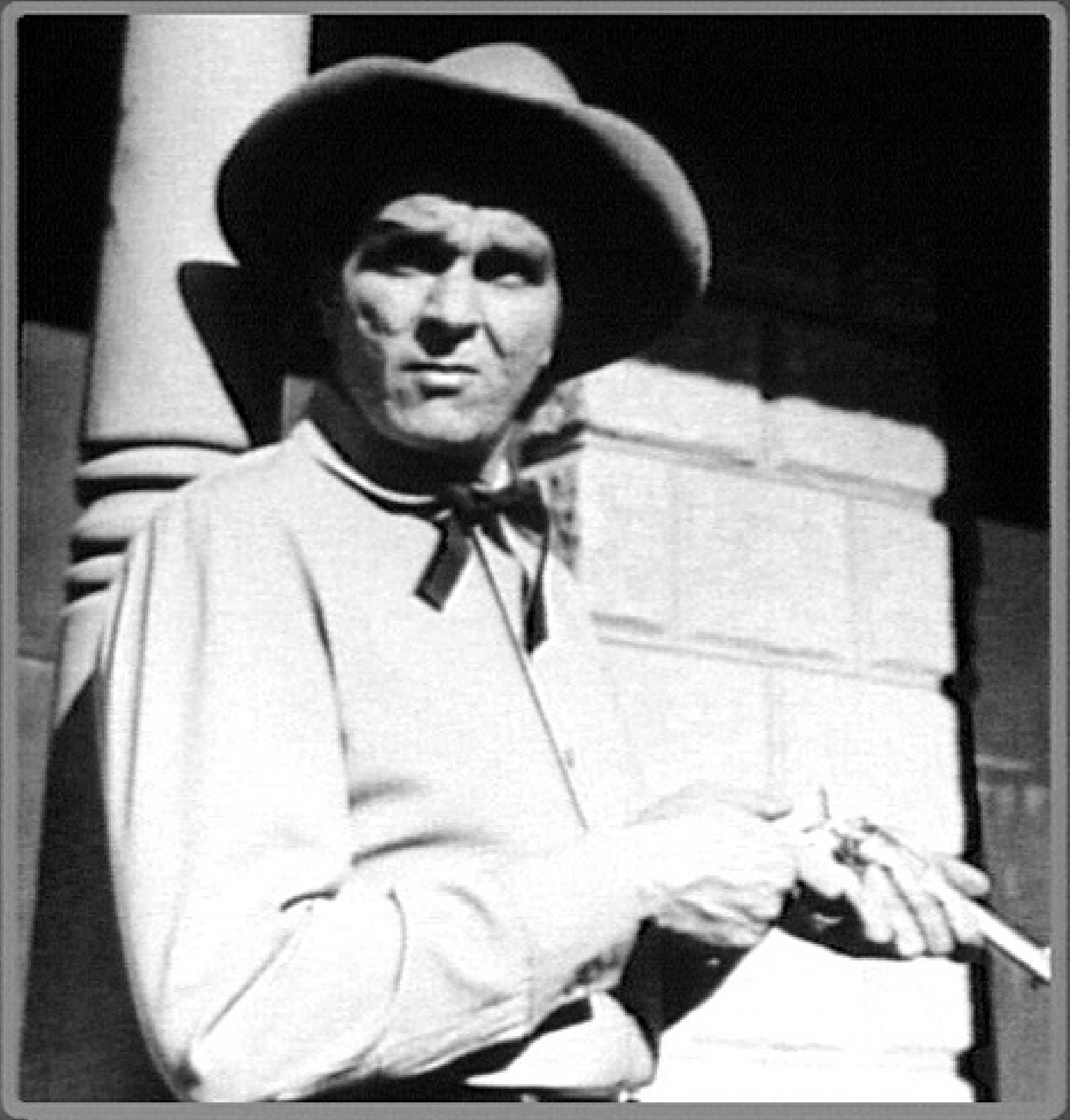
Gary Cooper on the set with his double, Slim Talbot, a fellow Montanan who was responsible for helping Cooper get his first job in film during the 20s as a stuntman. In gratitude, Cooper used Talbot as his double throughout his career.

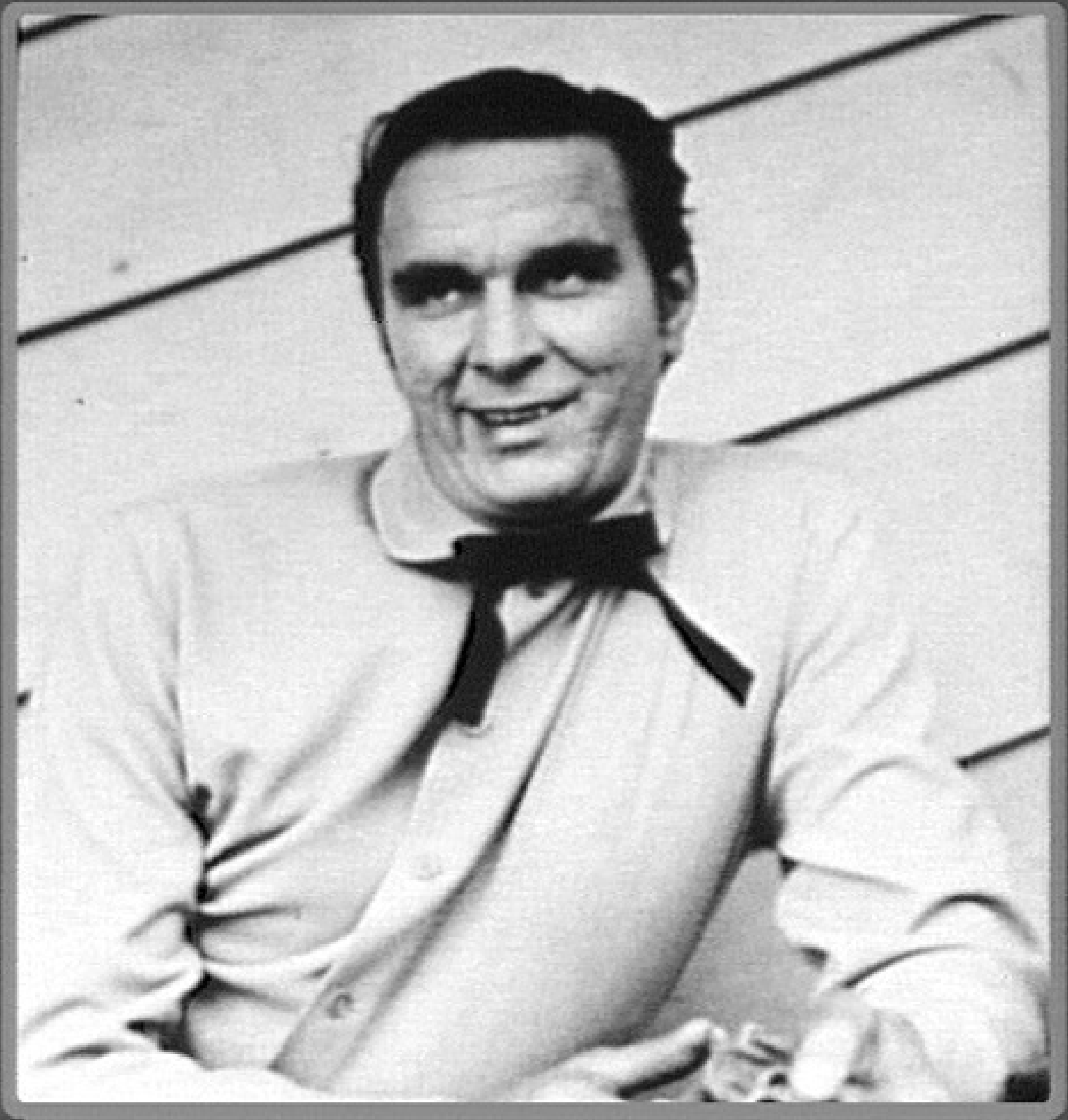
Talbot, Cooper and Bridges relaxing during the shooting of the fight scene. Notice the cut on Cooper's right cheek. In the film it didn't always match from shot to shot.

Captain LeRoy Galyen of the California Highway Patrol shows Gary Cooper how to use the collapsible holster.



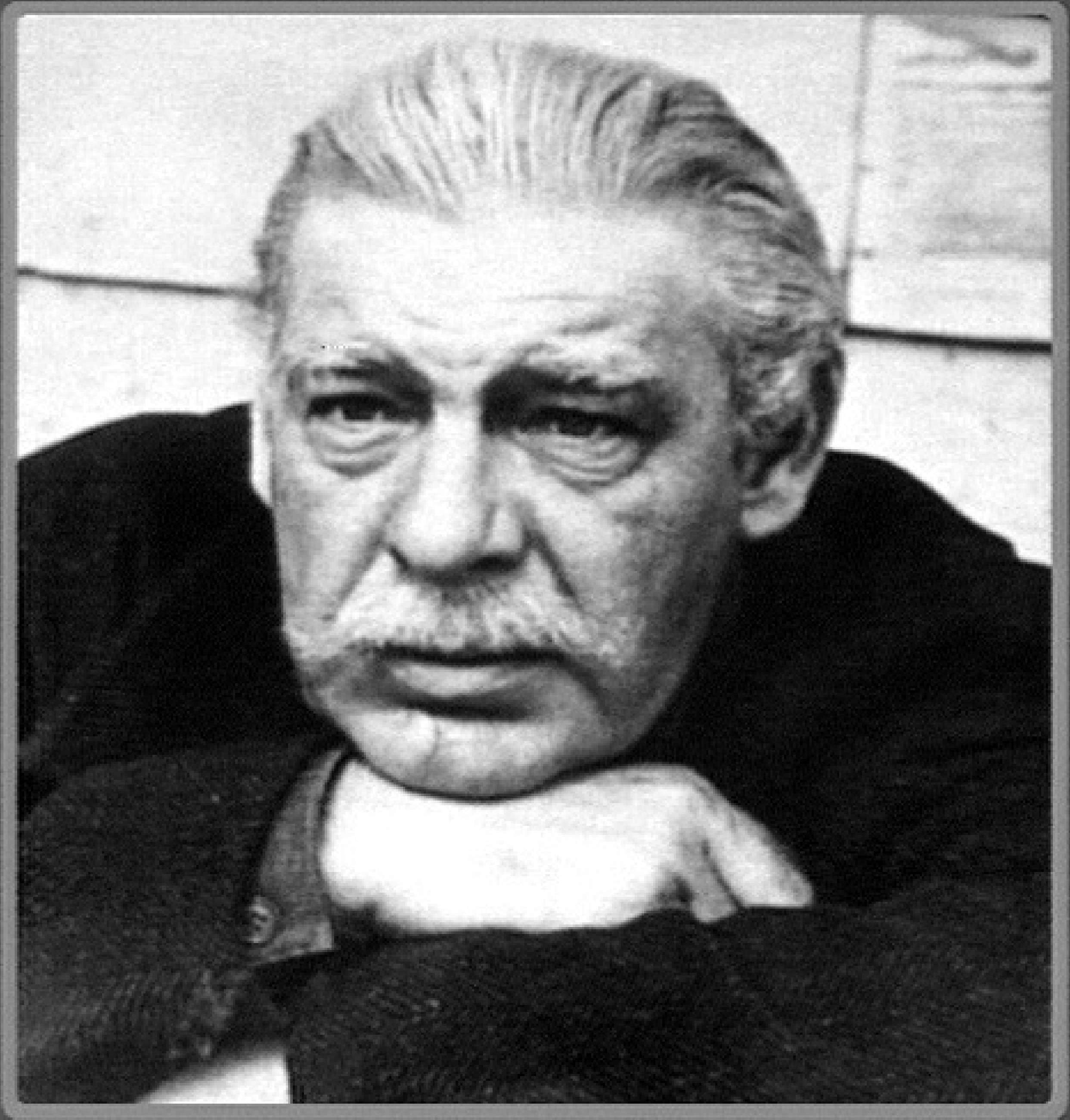
Ian MacDonald who plays Frank Miller looking properly villainous and then like a regular guy.





Bad guy Bob Wilke. Have you ever tried to shoot two six-guns at the same time?

Lon Chaney, usually remembered as Frankenstein, The Wolf Man, and other favorite monsters, was also capable of portraying tender and compassionate men such as the ex-sheriff who is Will Kane's mentor.

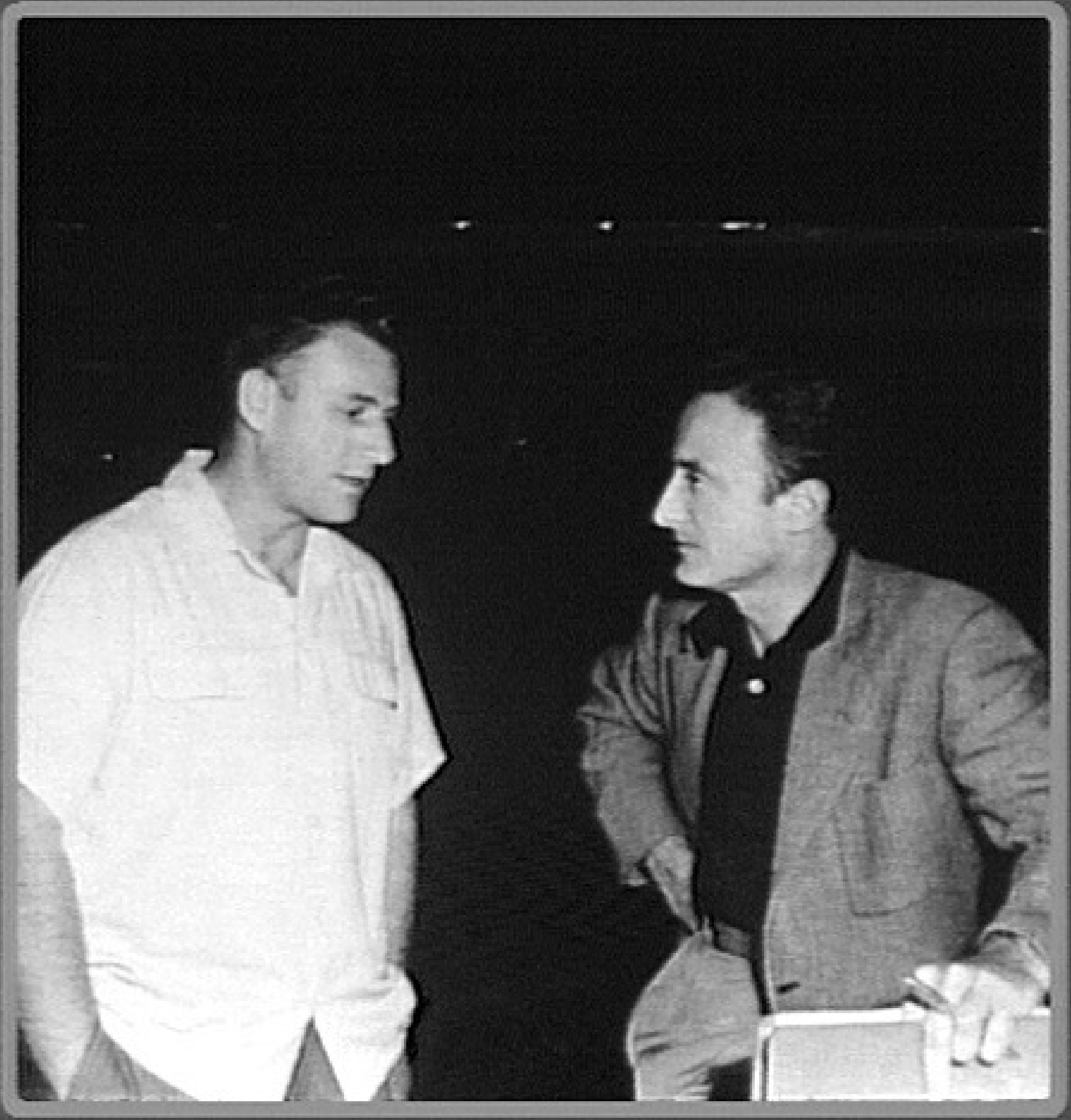


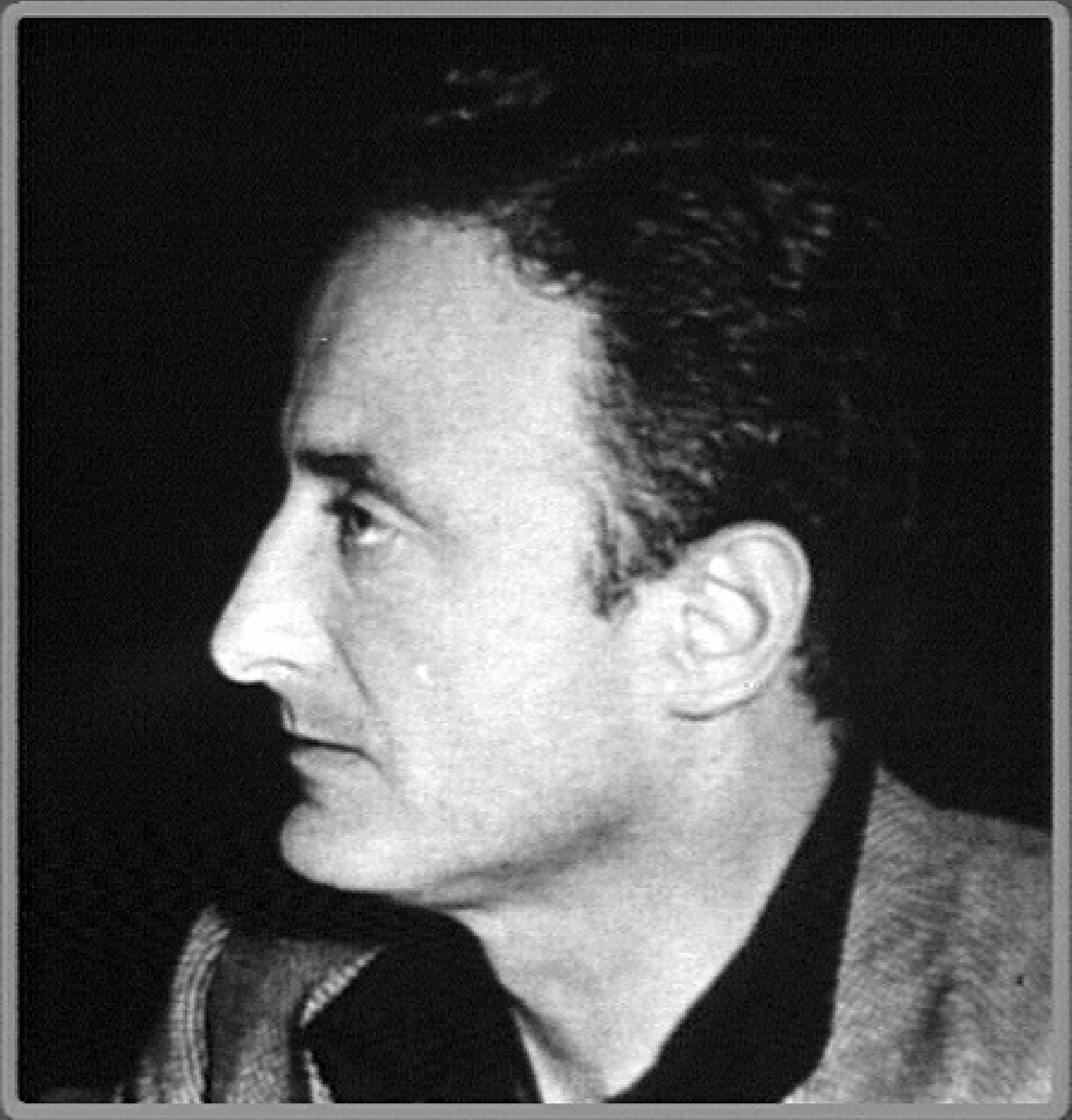
Otto Kruger (left), former matinee idol, as the cowardly judge, talking to Thomas Mitchell, who plays Will Kane's "best friend." Mitchell won an Academy Award for his role in *Stagecoach* in the same year he portrayed Scarlett O'Hara's father in *Gone With The Wind*.

Publicity photos of Roberta Hanes and James Brown, the two actors originally involved in the film's sub-plot which dealt with a second deputy sheriff bringing a prisoner into town. The entire sub-plot was dropped in the final editing stages.

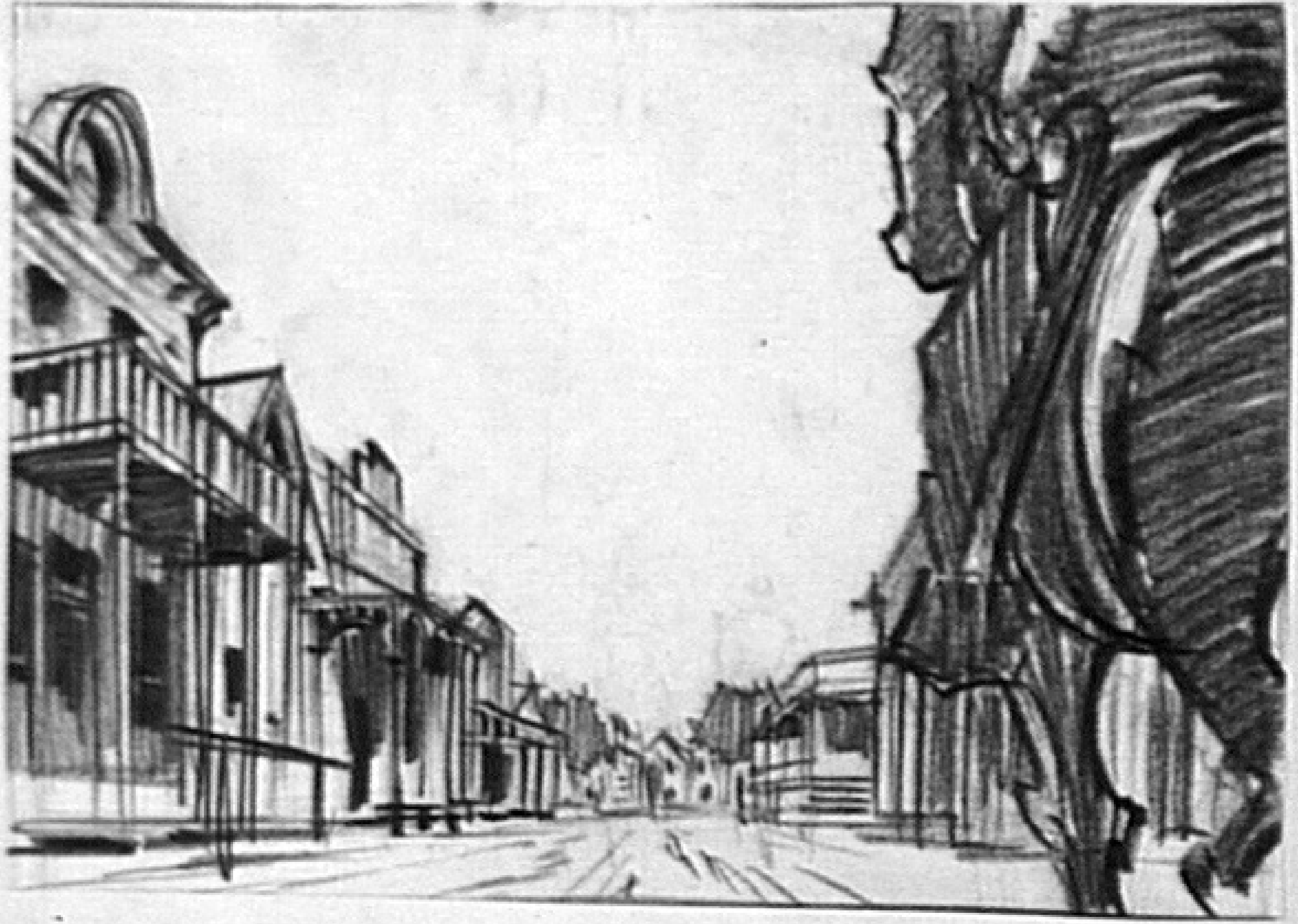
Most films of the period had no rehearsal before shooting began. Kramer, however, insisted on devoting two weeks to rehearsal before he would allow the camera to turn. Cooper at first resented the extra commitment, but then found it so useful that he requested it on succeeding films. The following photographs of Cooper, Jurado and Bridges were taken during the rehearsal period.

Producer Stanley Kramer (left) with Director Fred Zinneman.

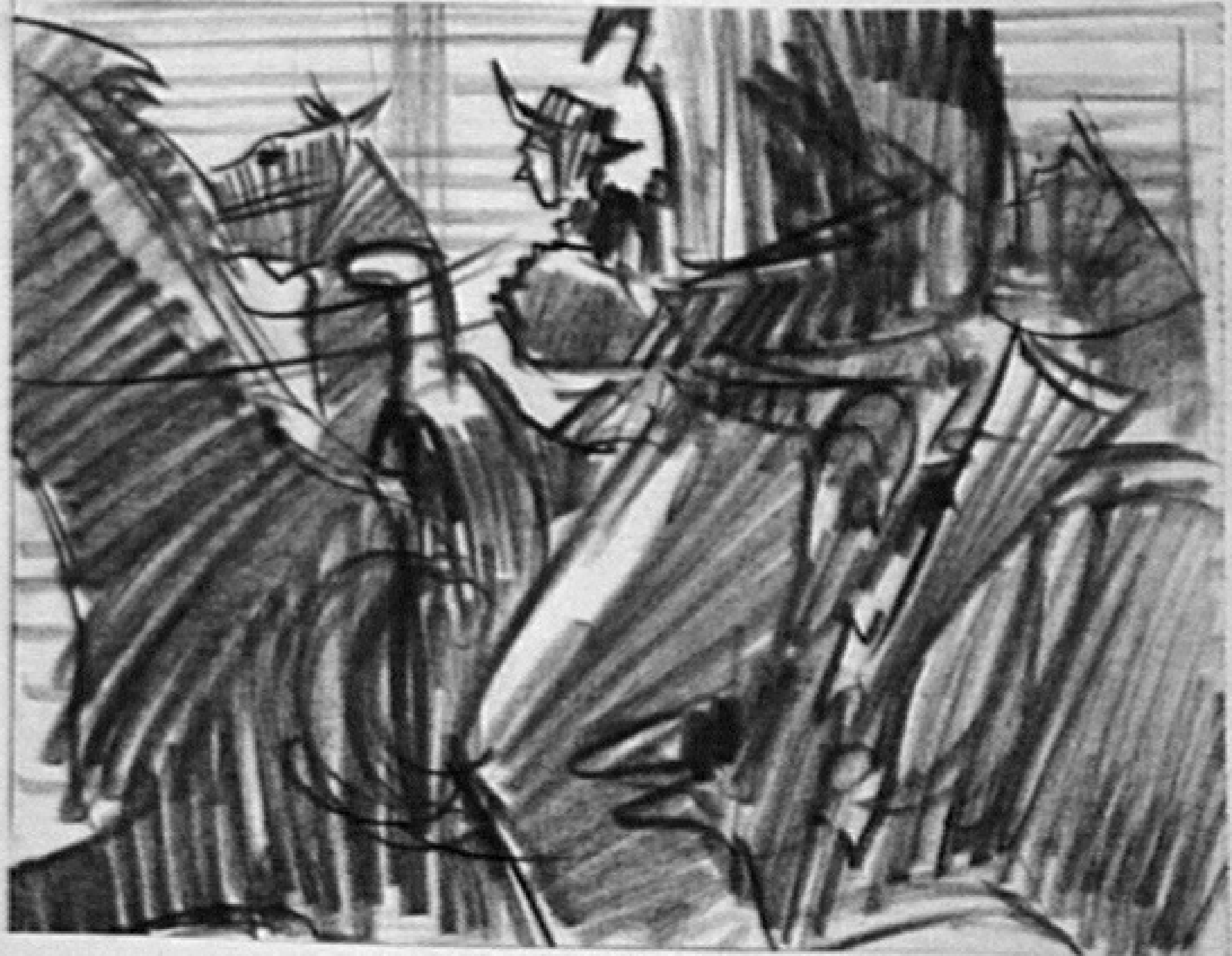




Storyboards help the director, cinematographer and editor make sure that composition will match from shot to shot and that the visual flow of the film will be interesting, dramatic, and powerful. The following are storyboards from *High Noon*.

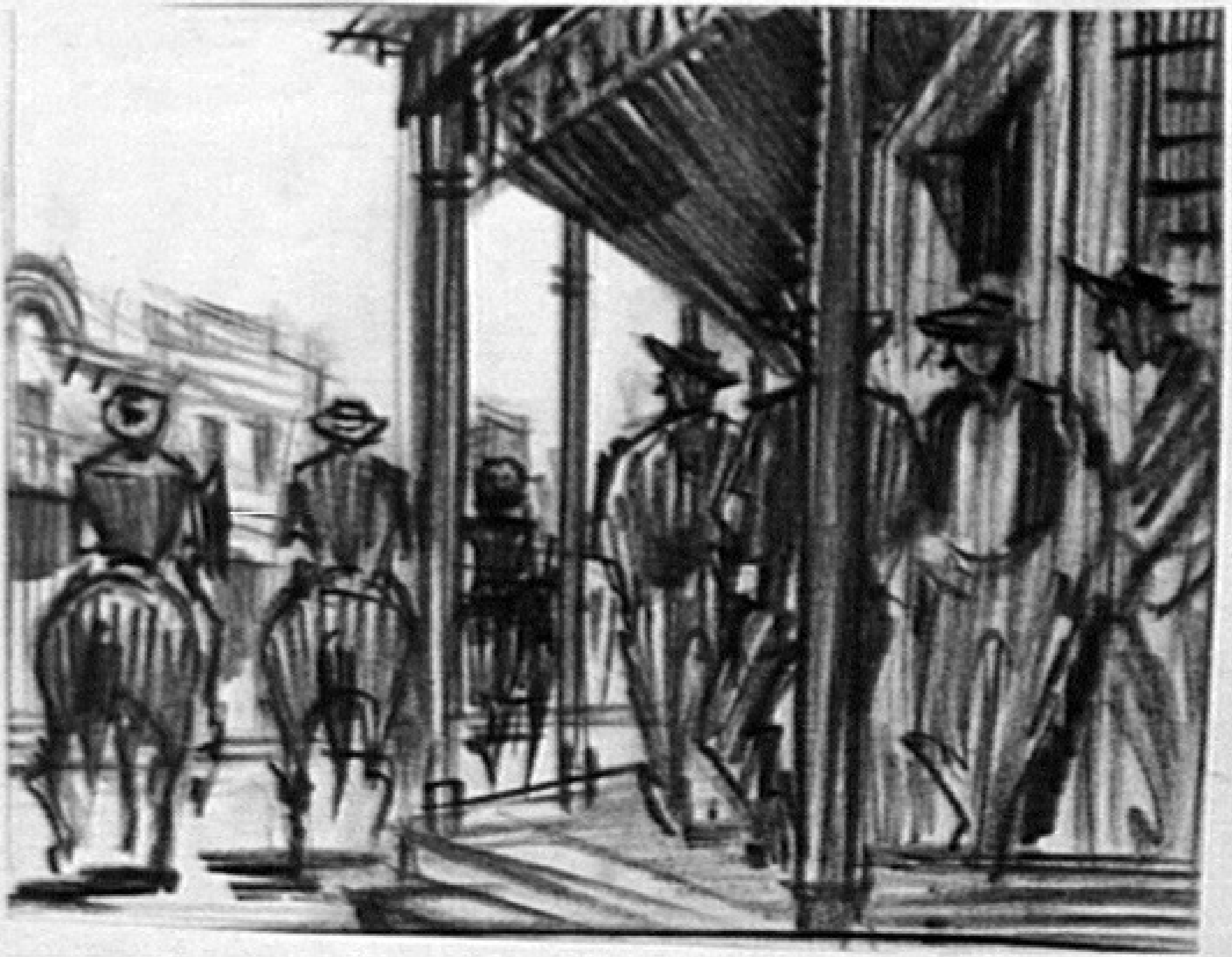


from both sides of camera



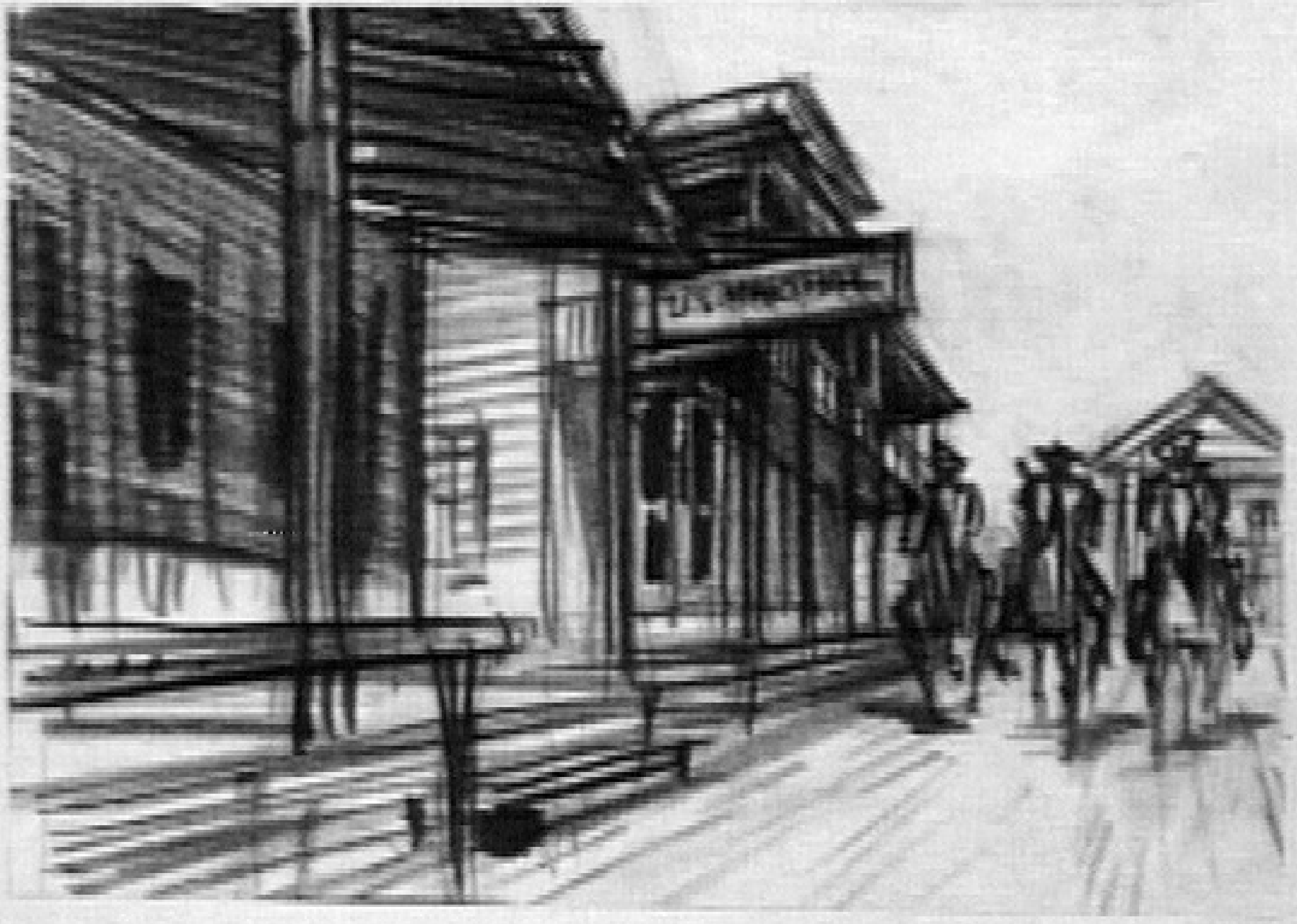
← TRUCK WITH HORSES TO SALOON CORNER.

③



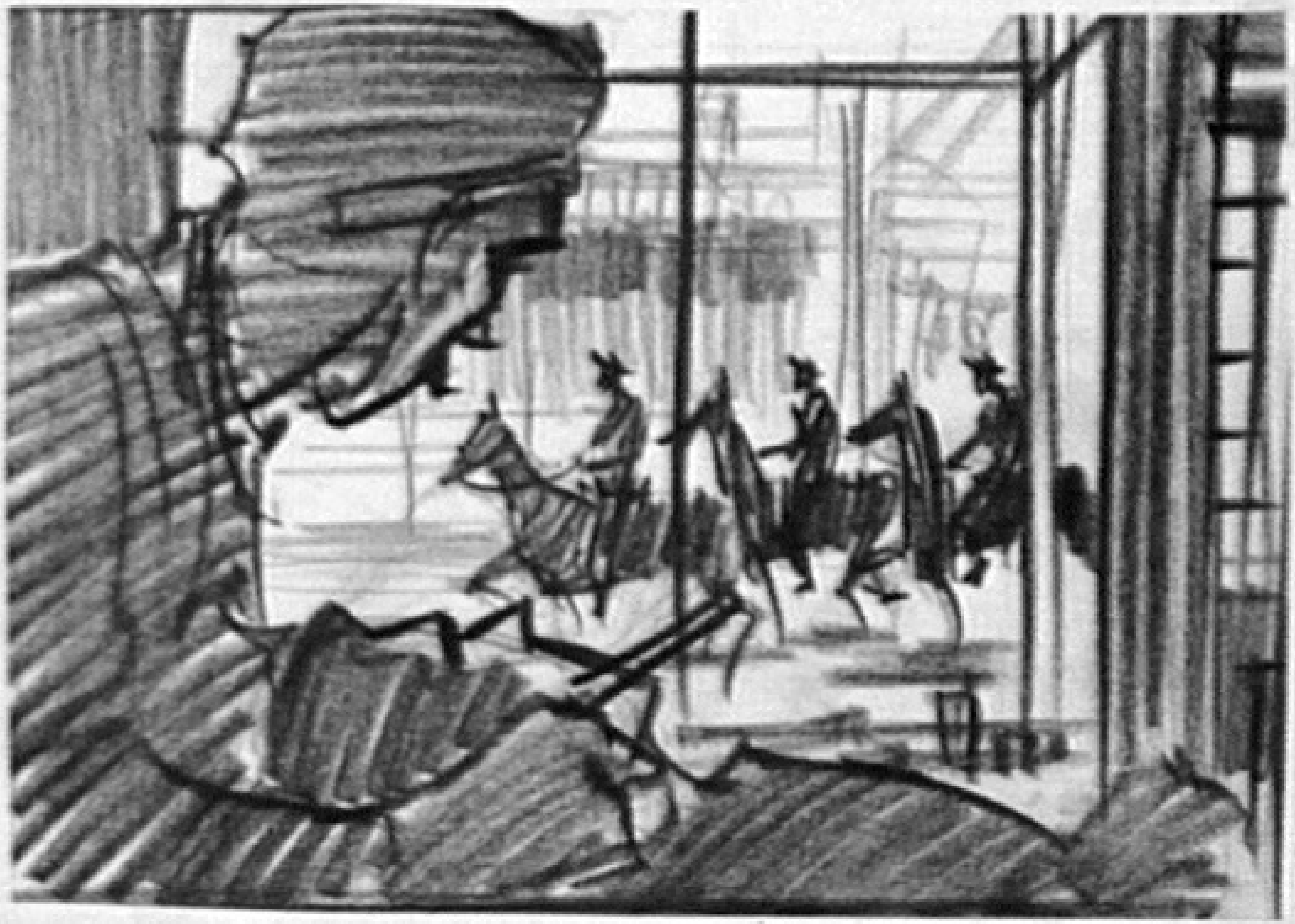
MEN, TURN INTO ST-

3A ~~4~~



MEN RIDE PAST MARSHAL'S OFFICE

4

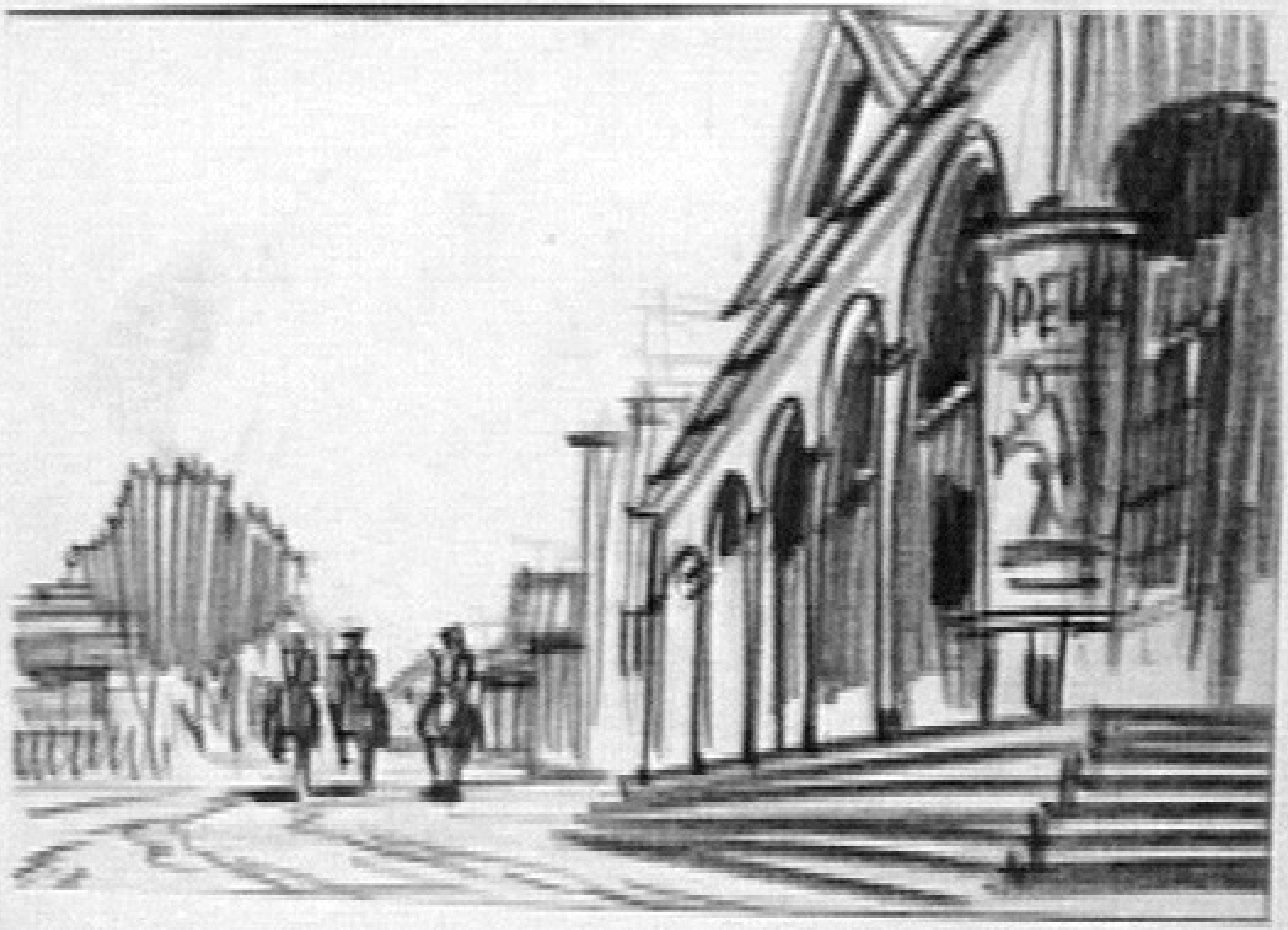


RIDERS R. TO L.

MEN RIDE THROUGH IN B.-G.

INT. BARBER SHOP-

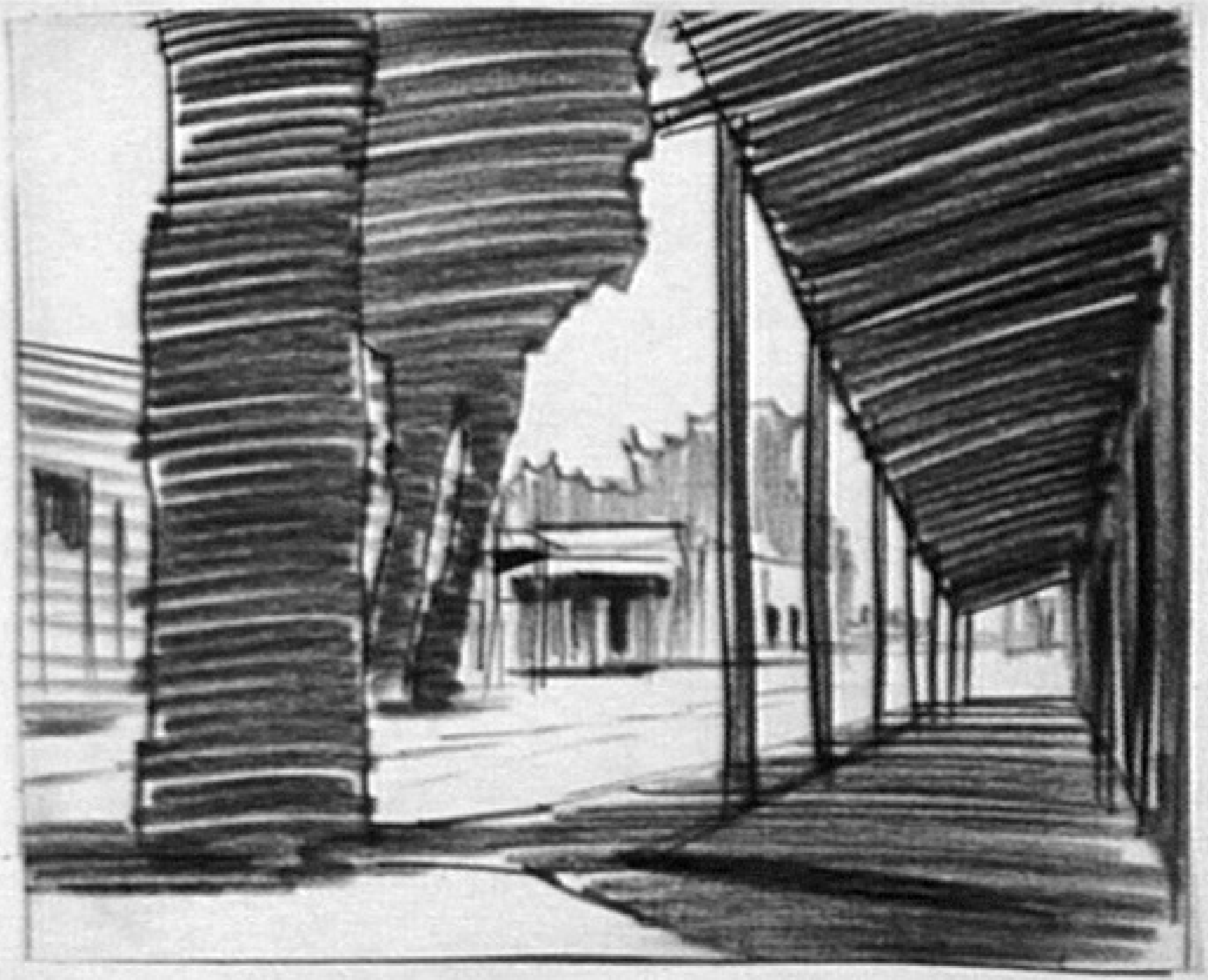
⑤



PAN WITH MEN AS
- THEY TURN
CORNER -

ST. CORNER

⑥

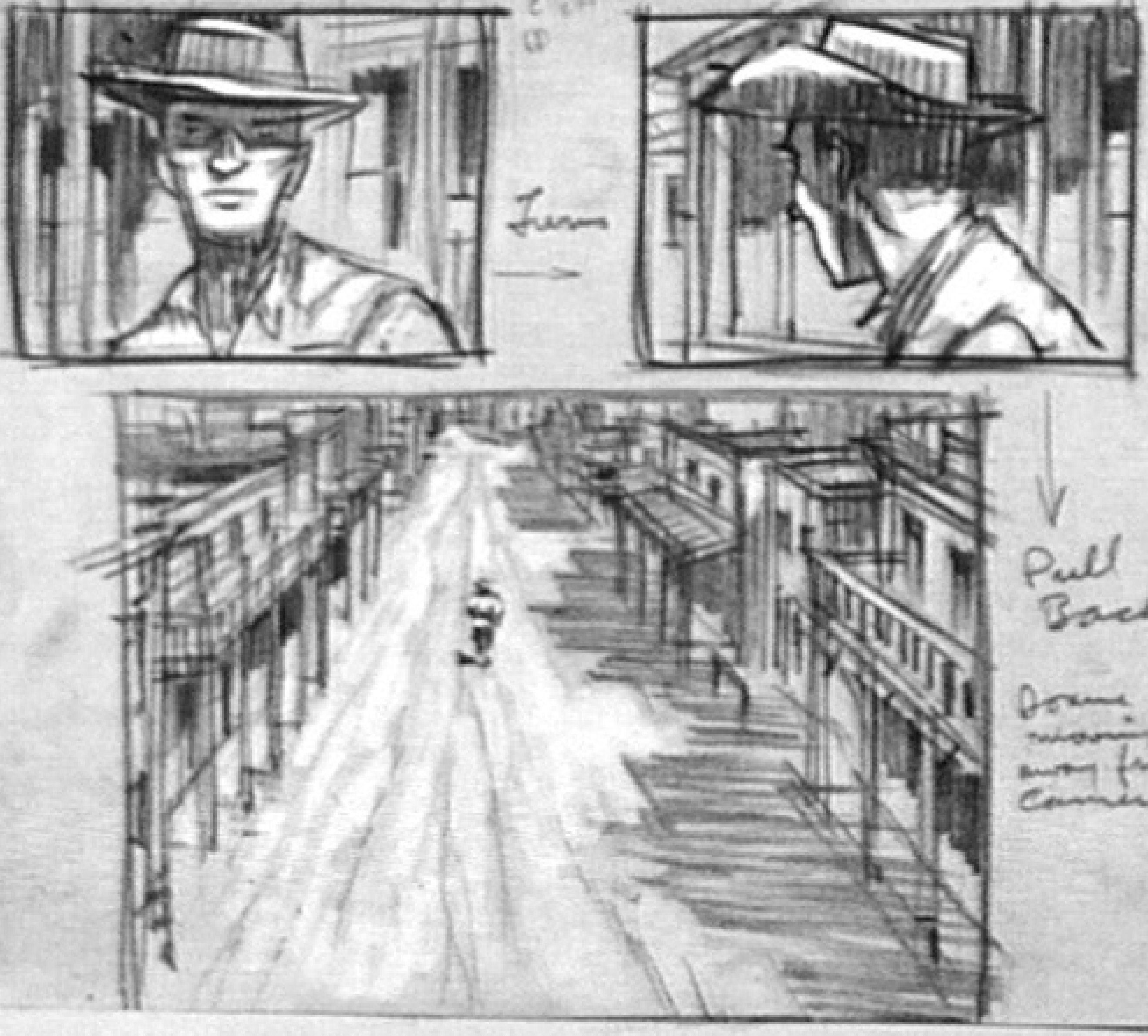


EMPTY ST. TRAIN WHISTLE OVER -

②

(COLUMBIA)

TRAIN WHISTLE
C/U

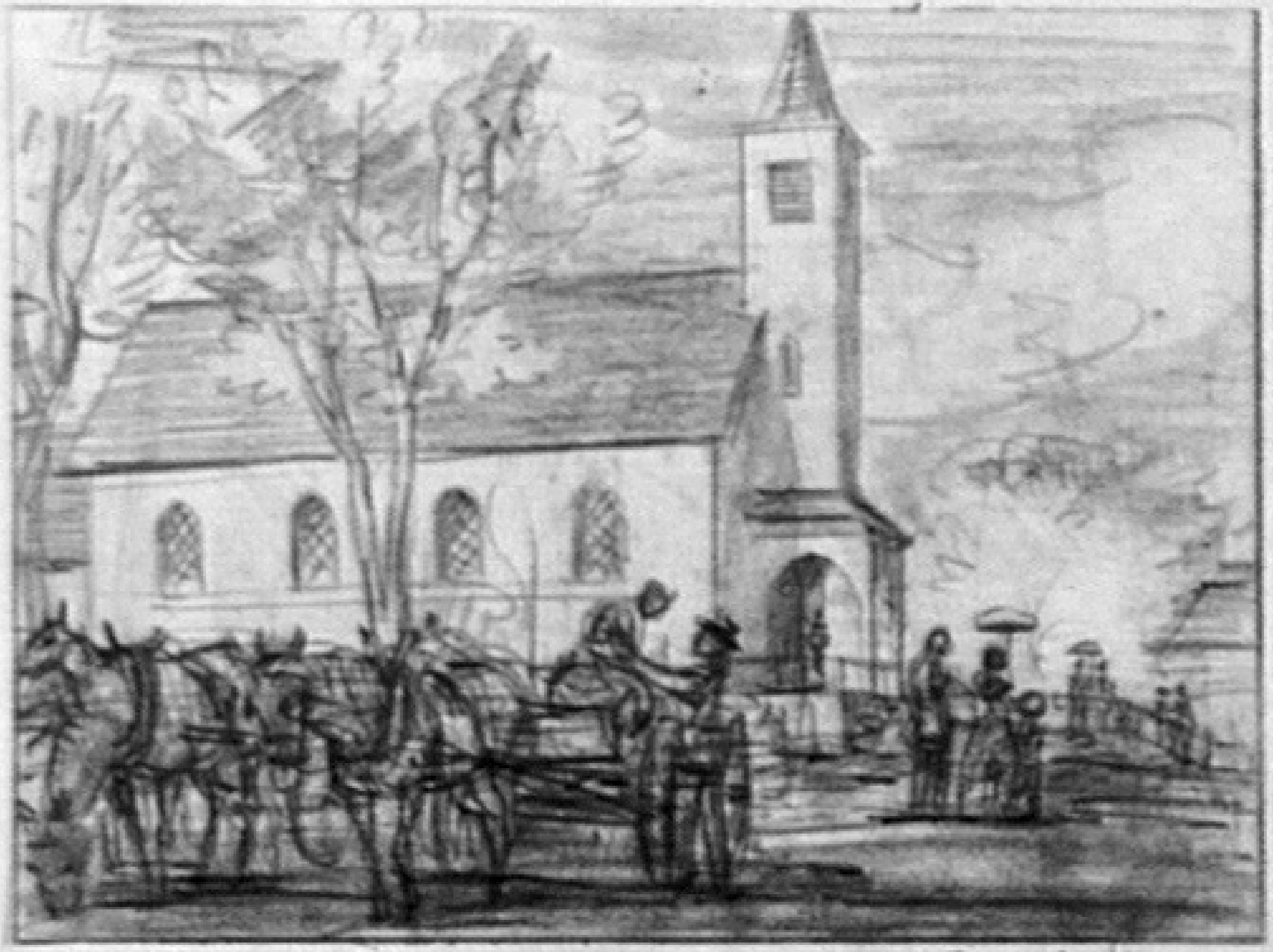


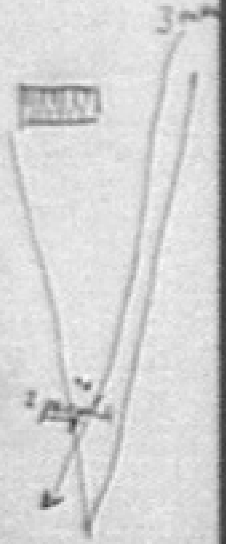
Turn

Pull Back.

Joanne moving away from camera

③

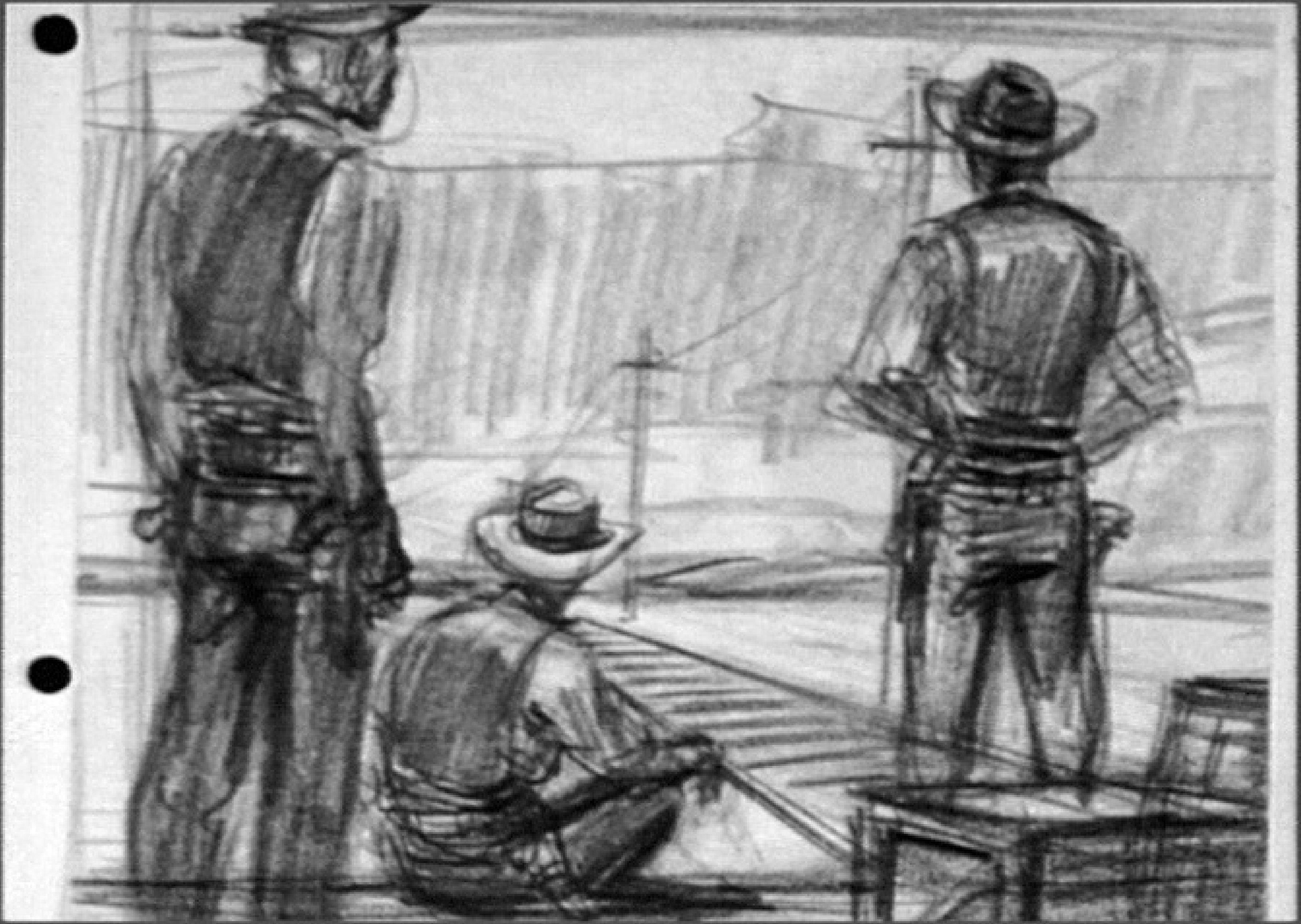


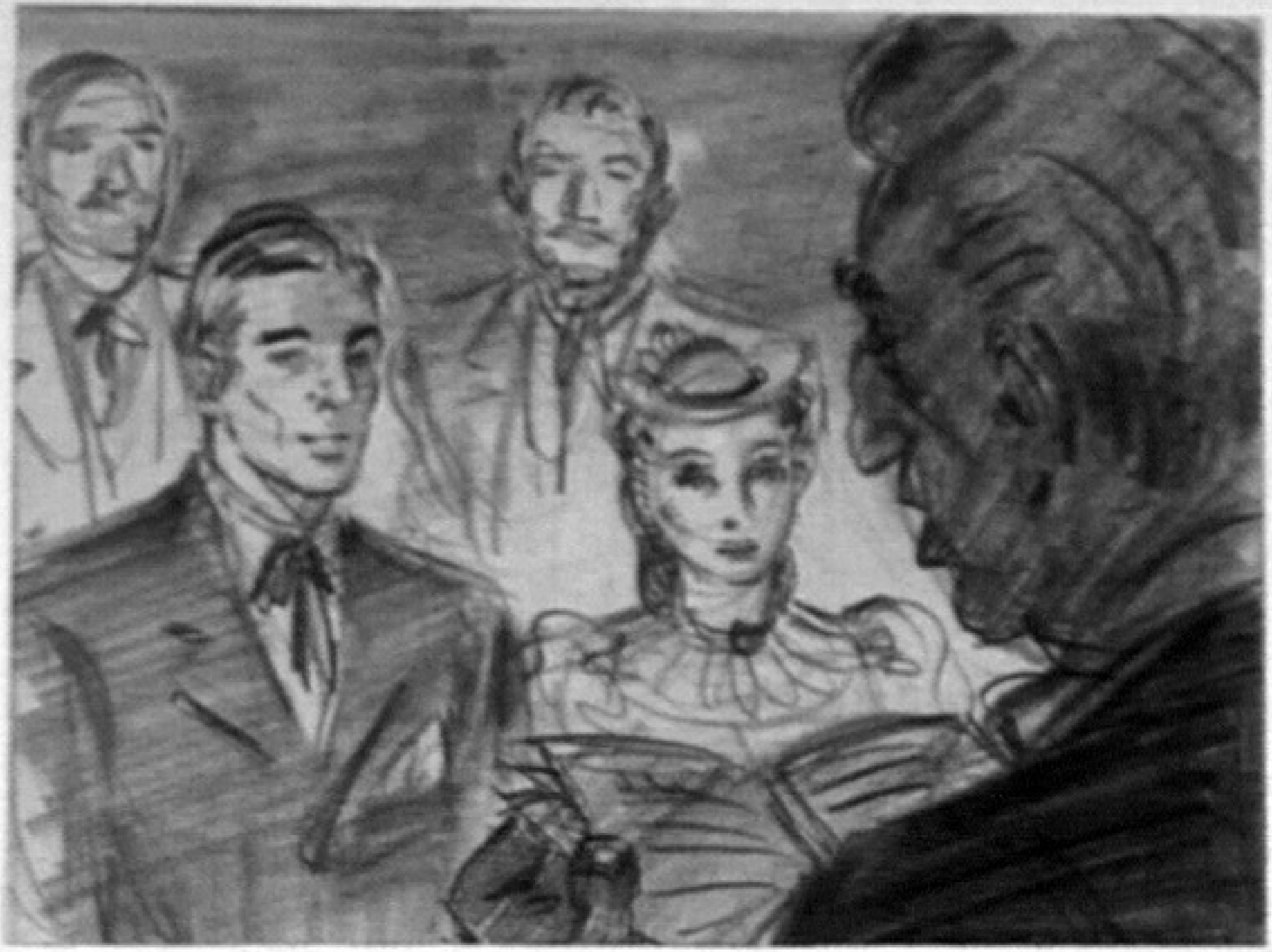

3 men
2 people

10 - E

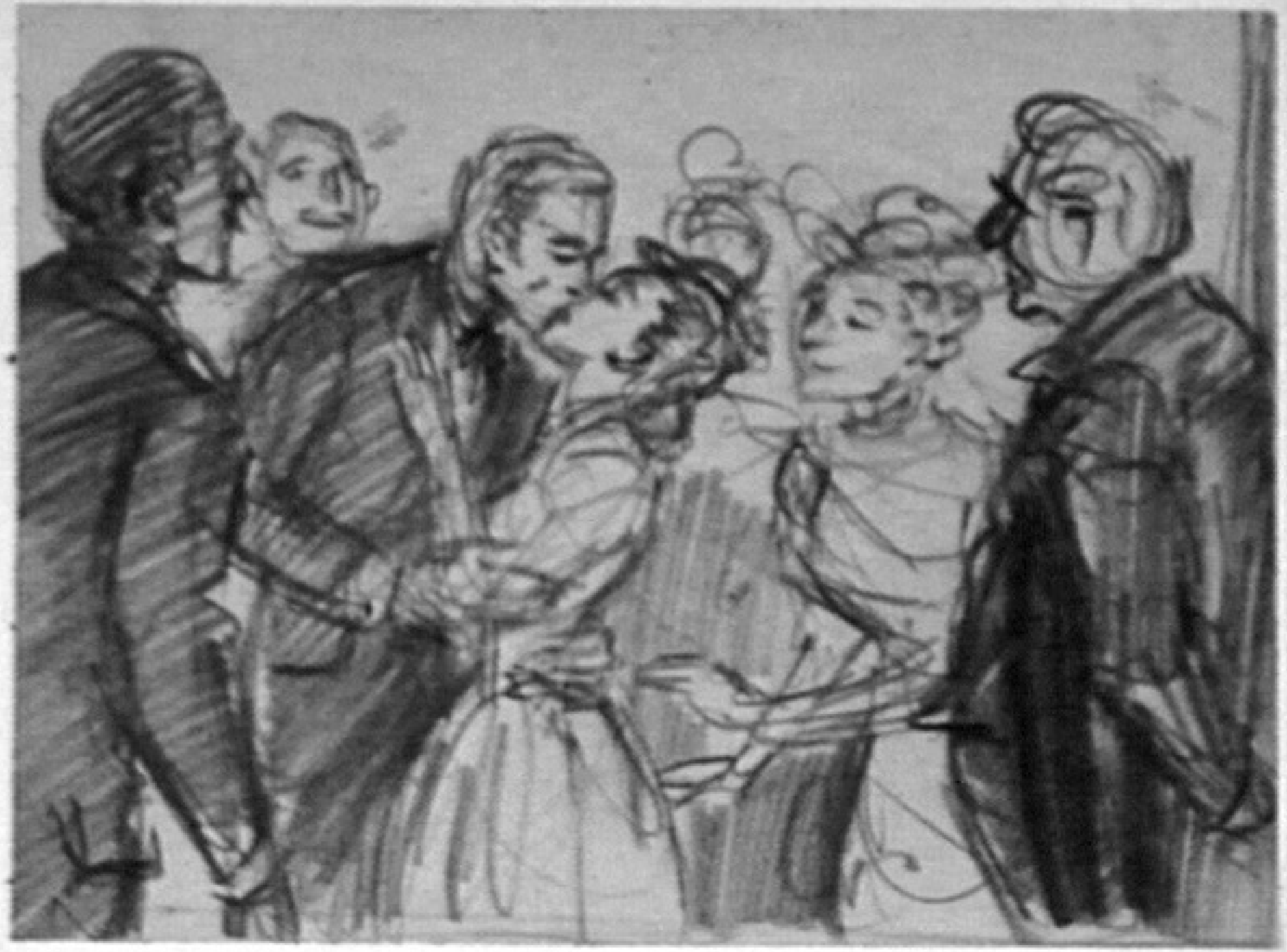
EXT. CHURCH

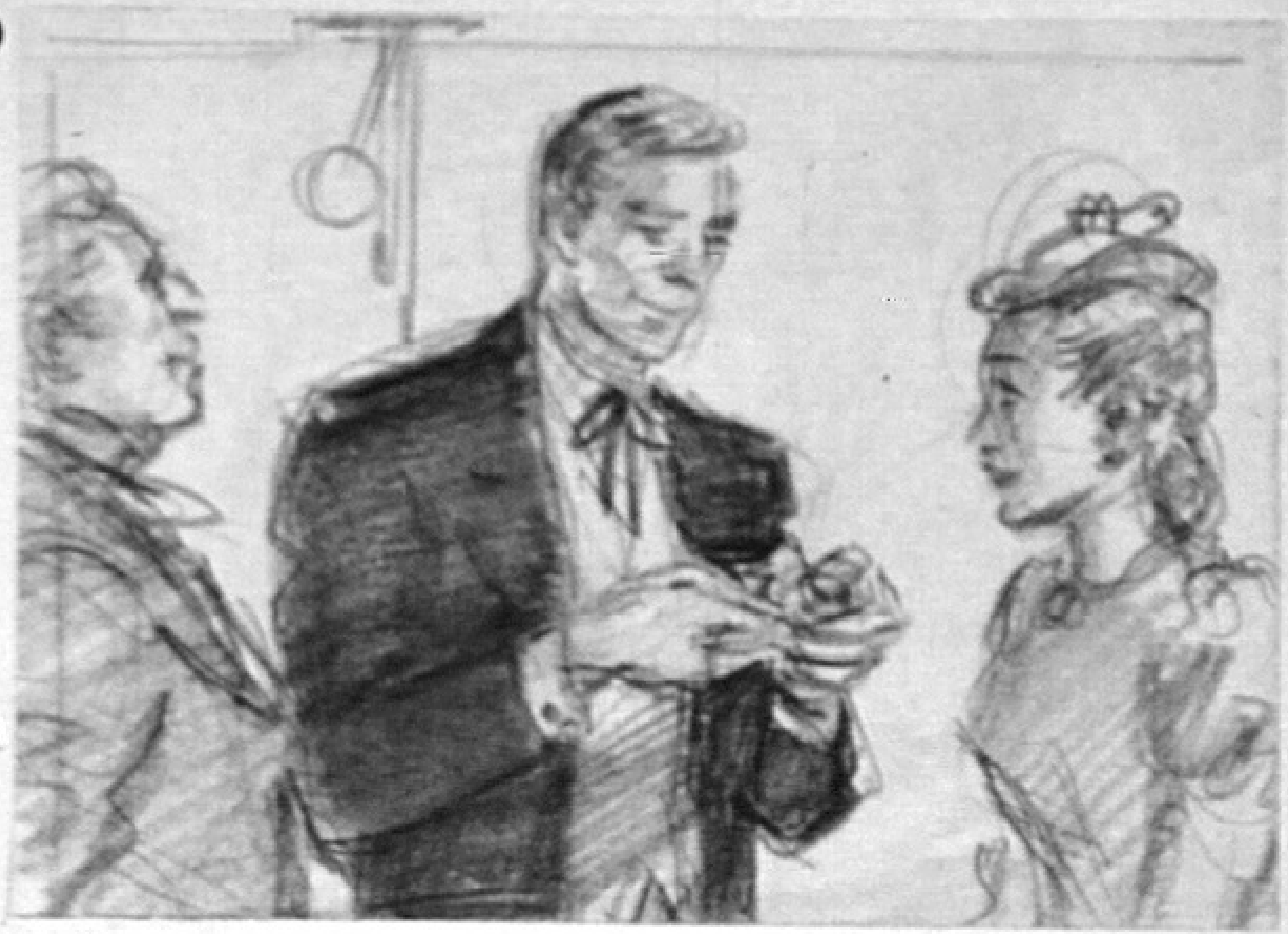
Riders come toward fg.
2 big heads of people who
are getting off buggy in fg. recognize them in fg

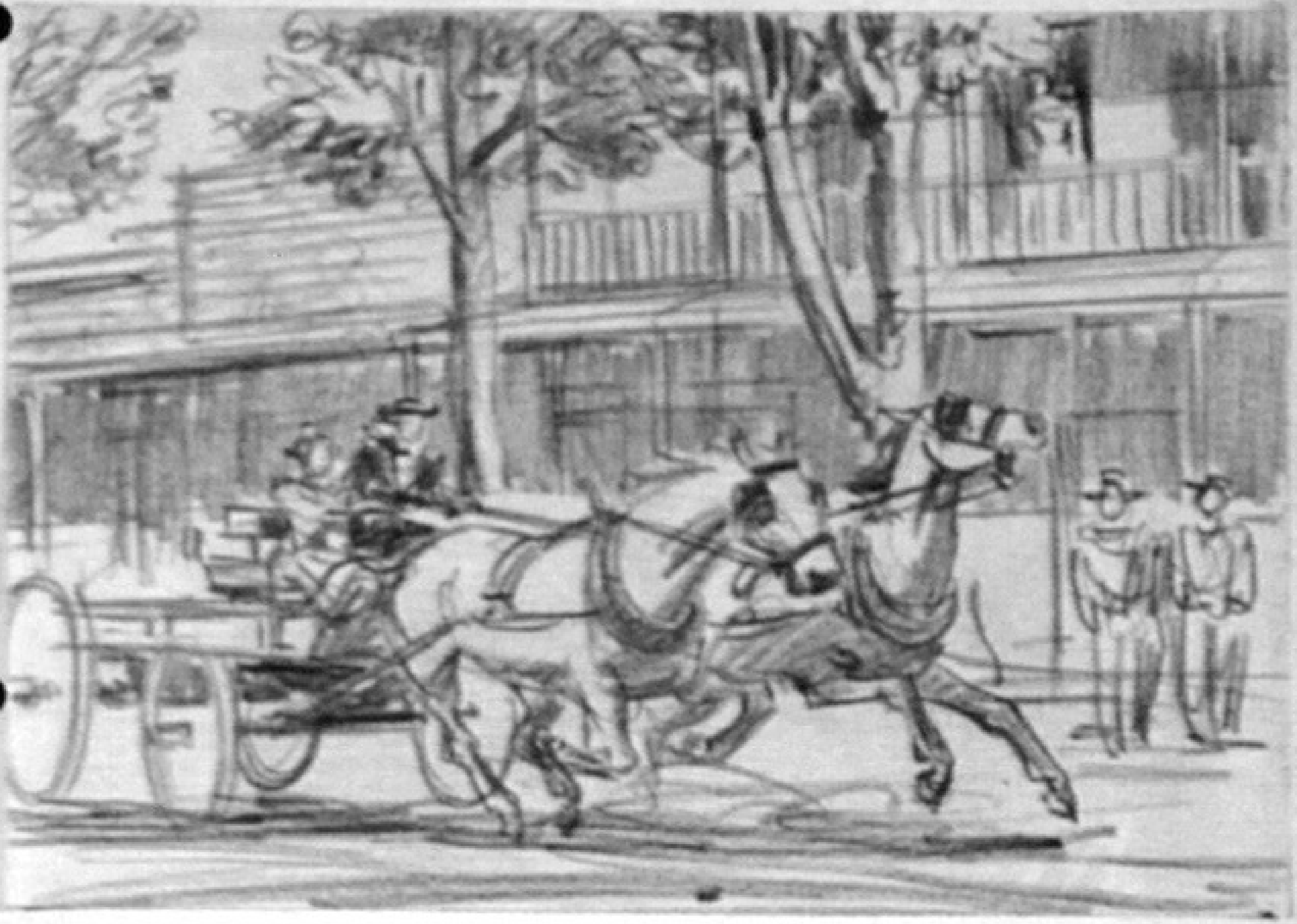


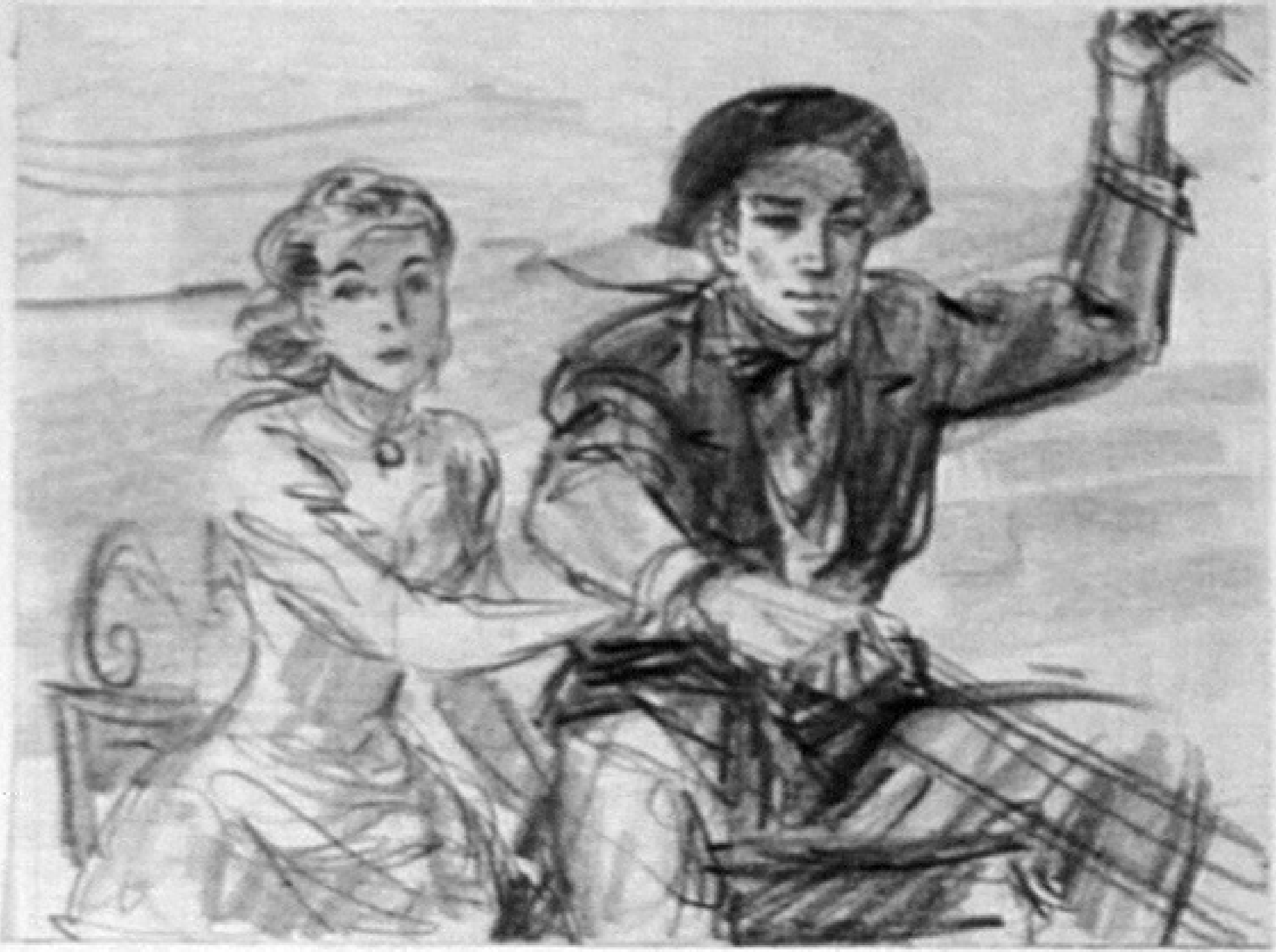


23 - A

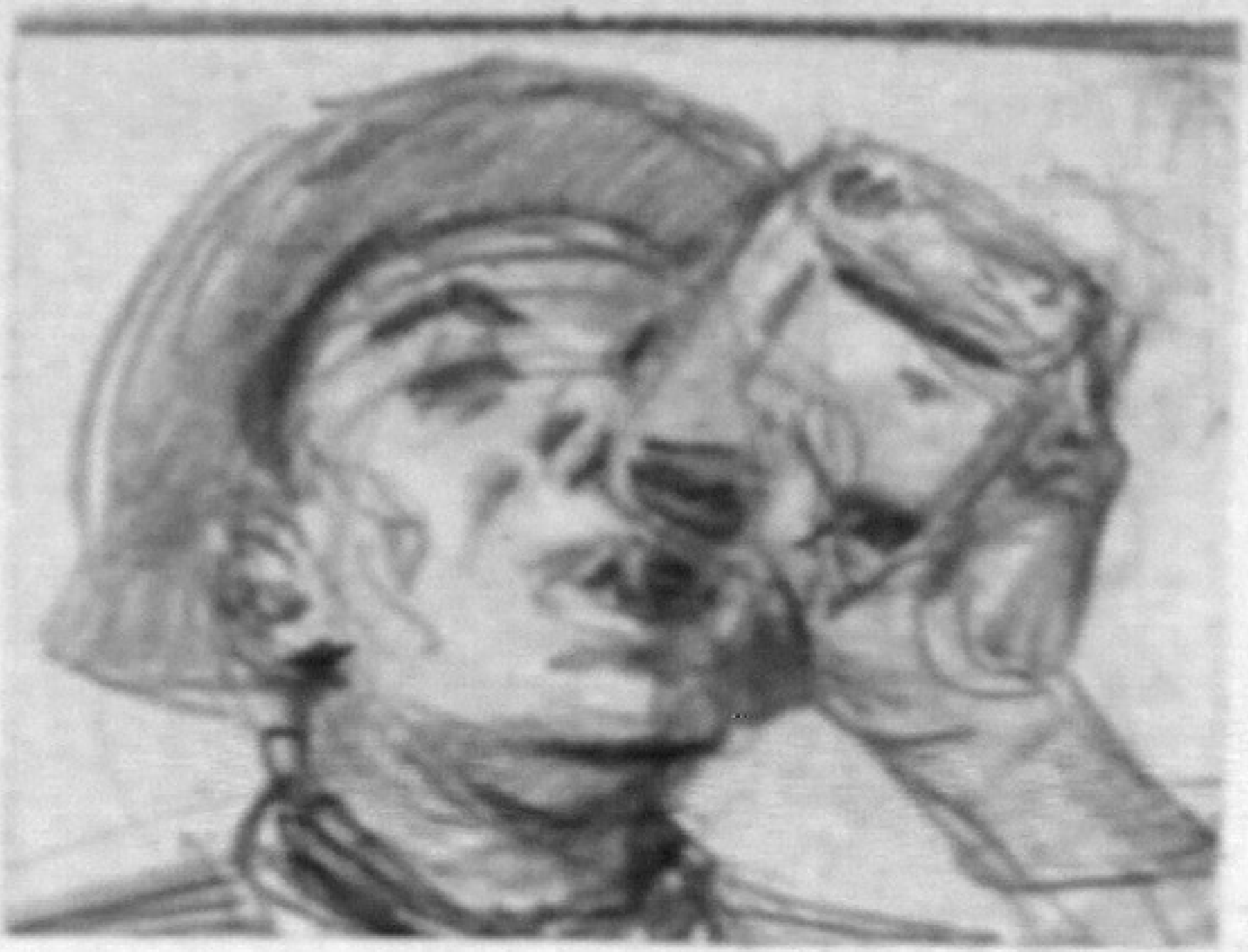


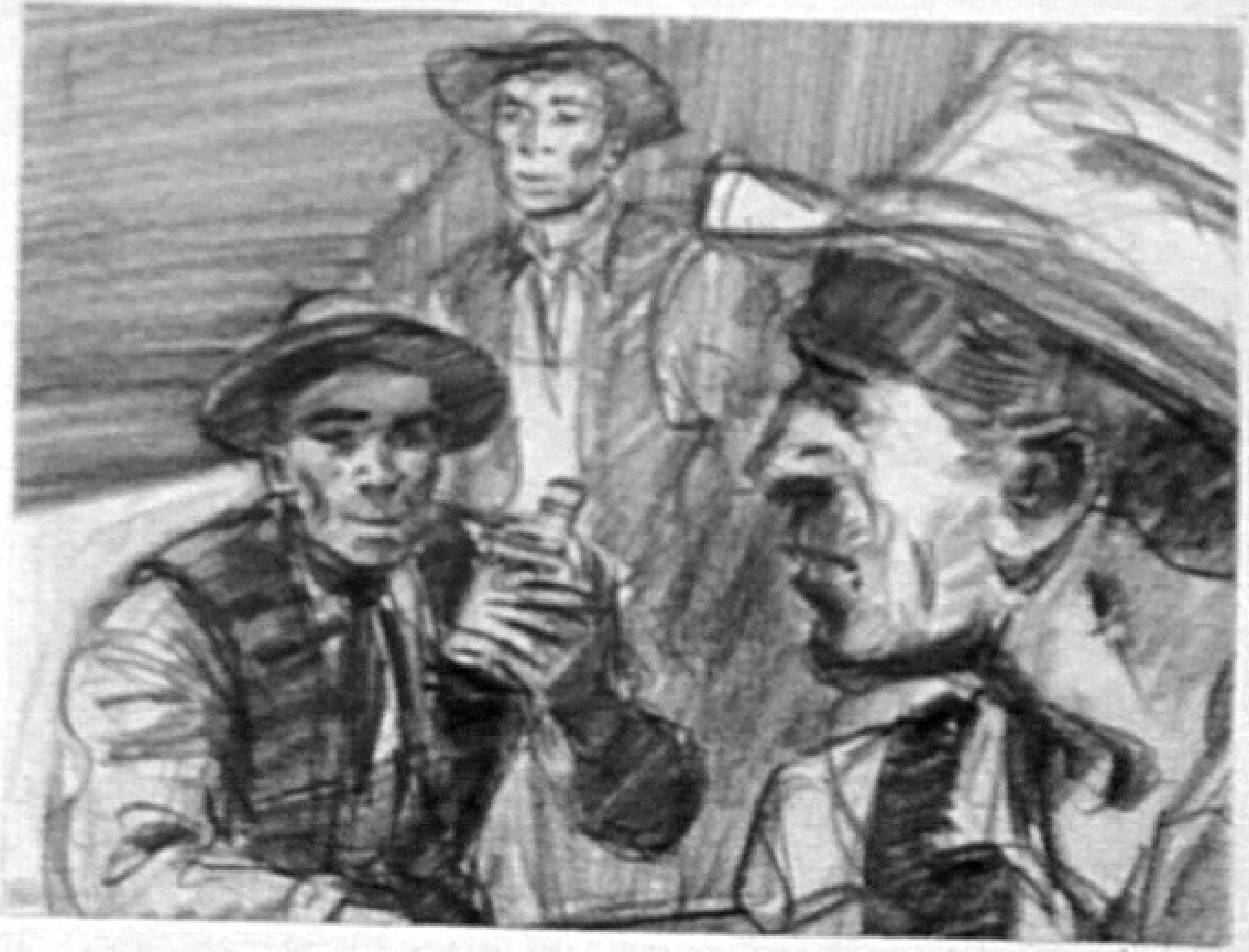




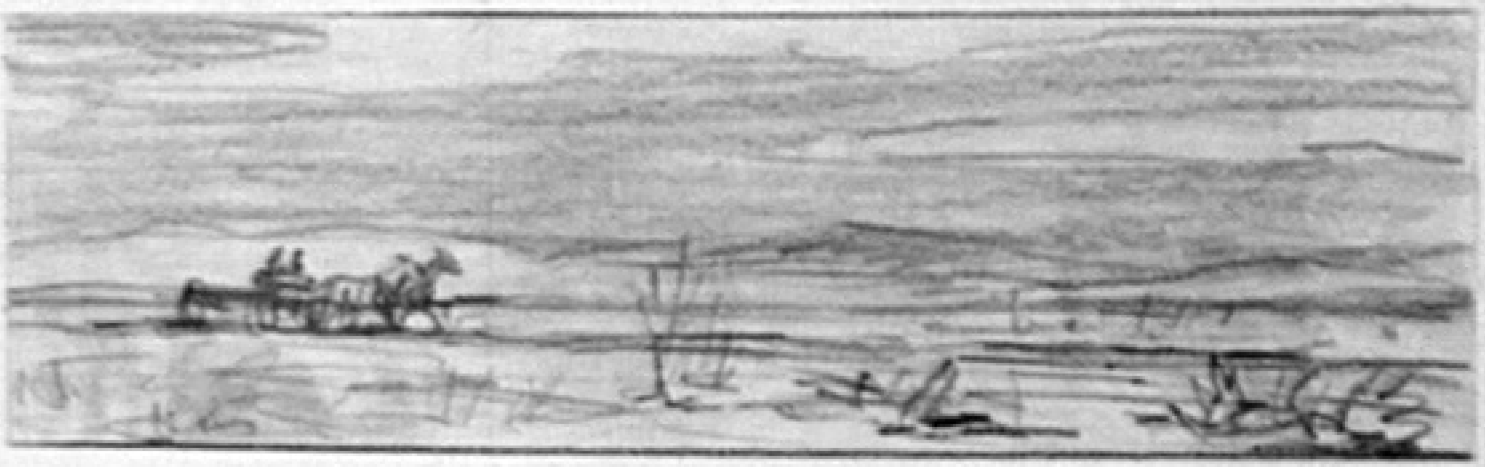


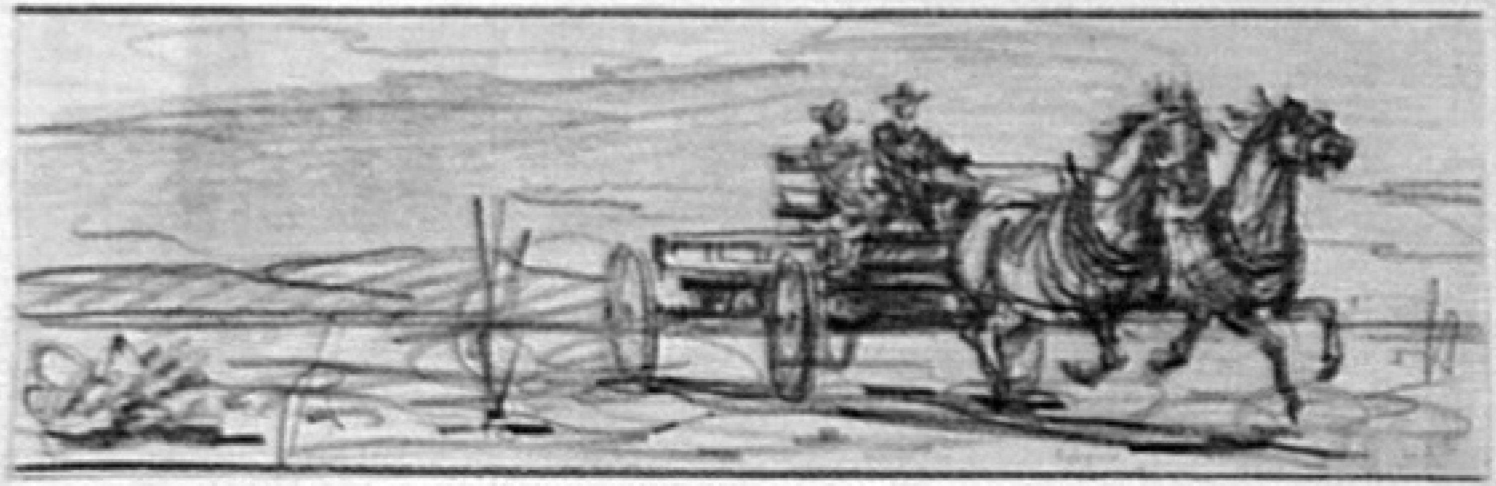
30-B



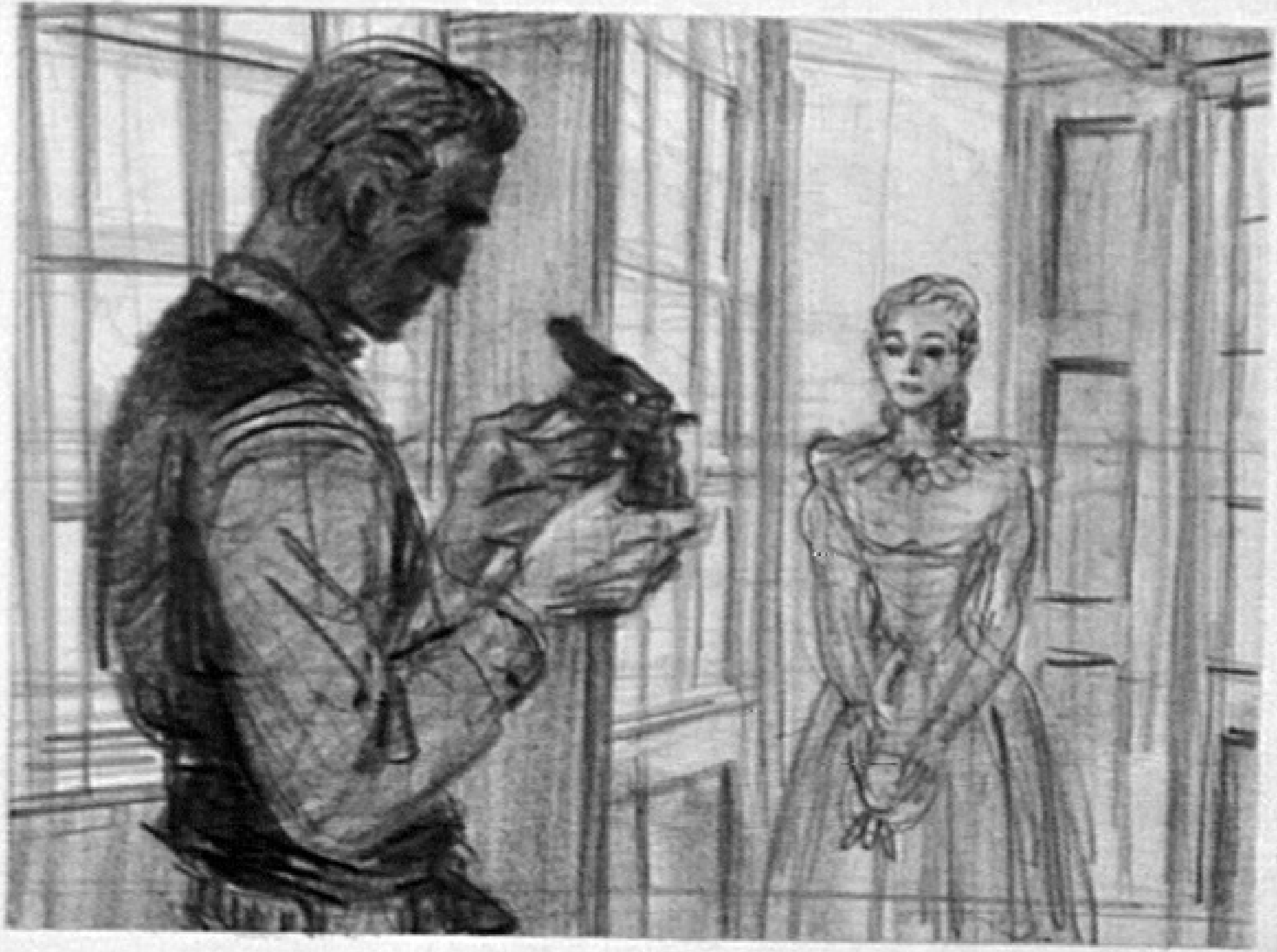


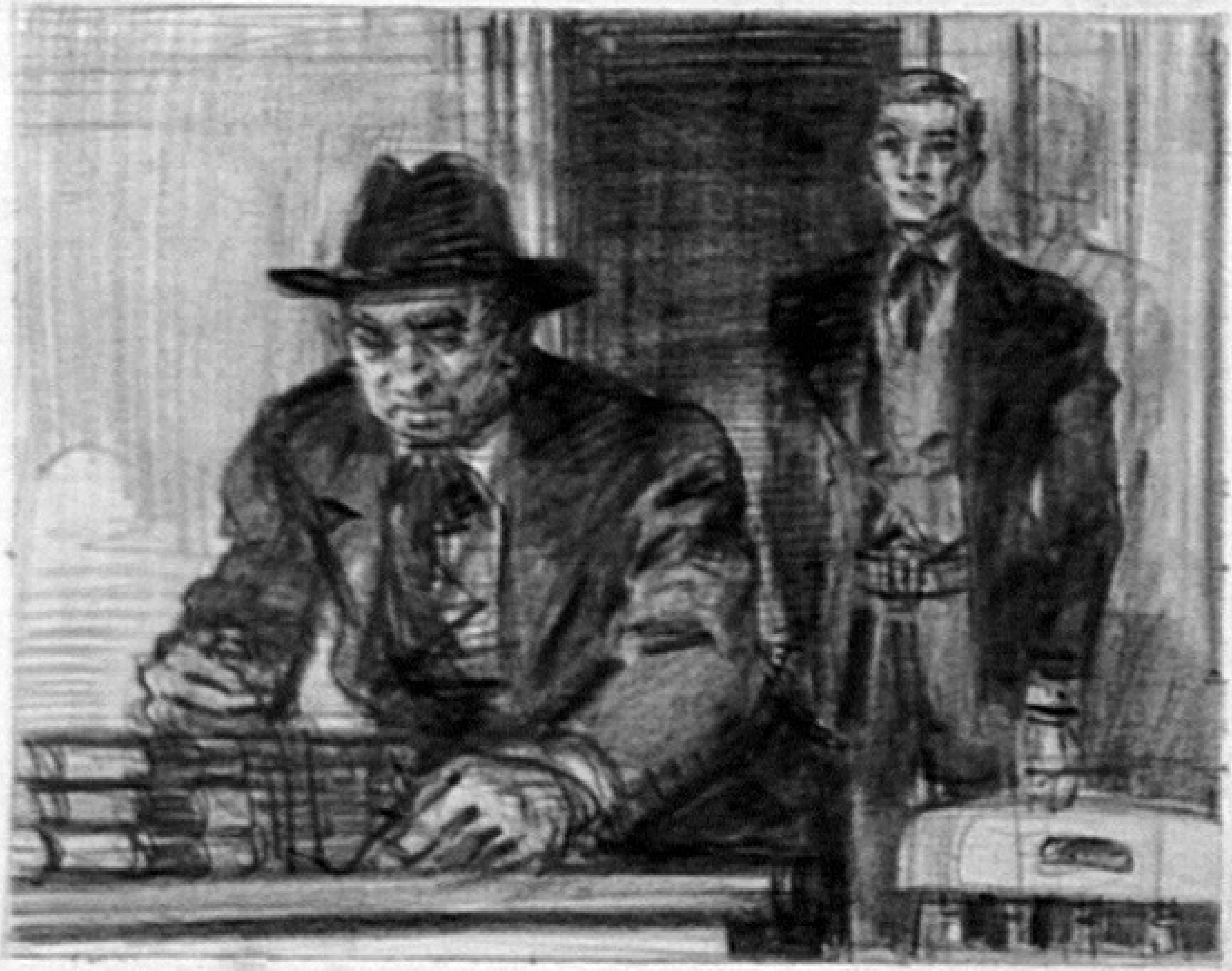
Buckboard location?

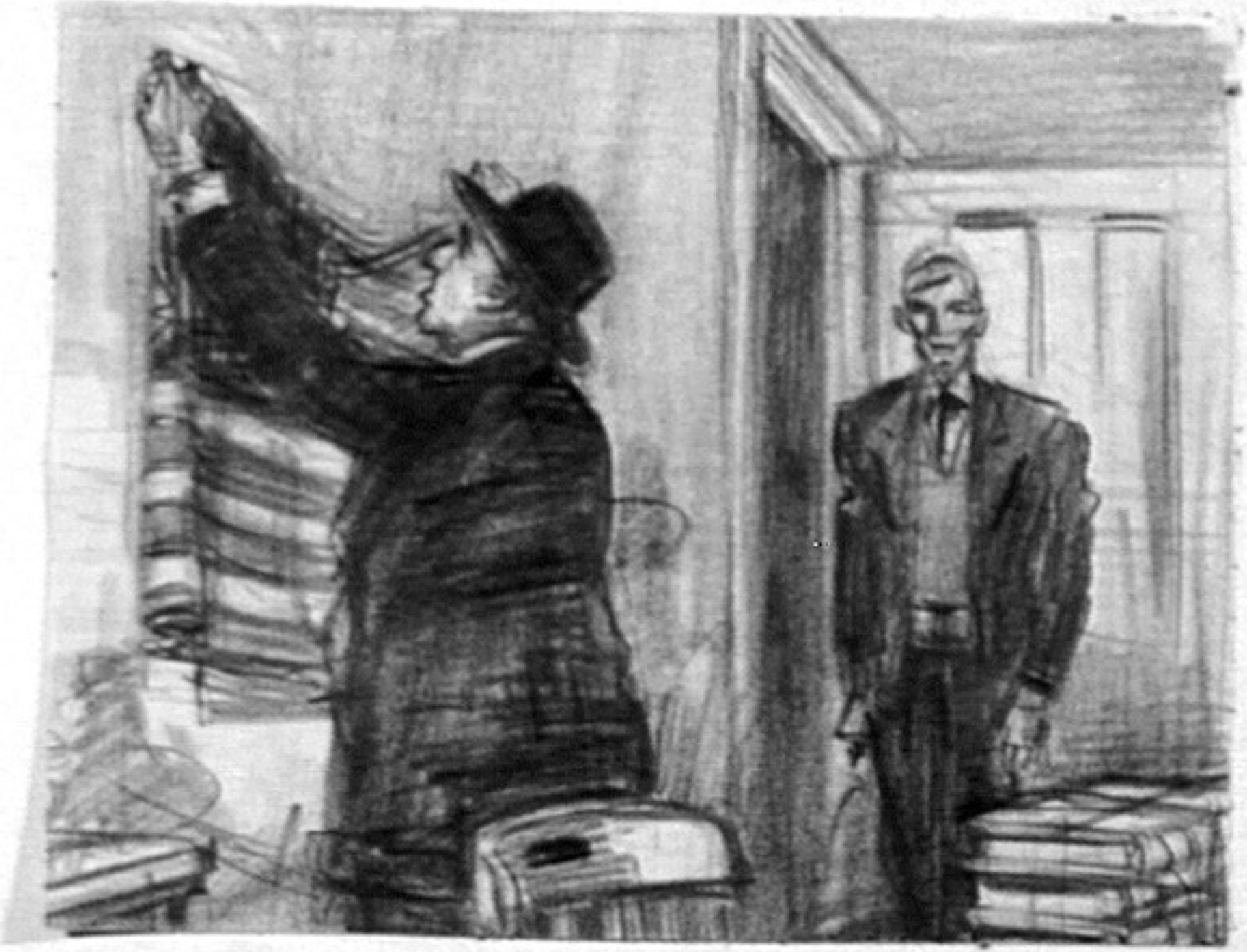


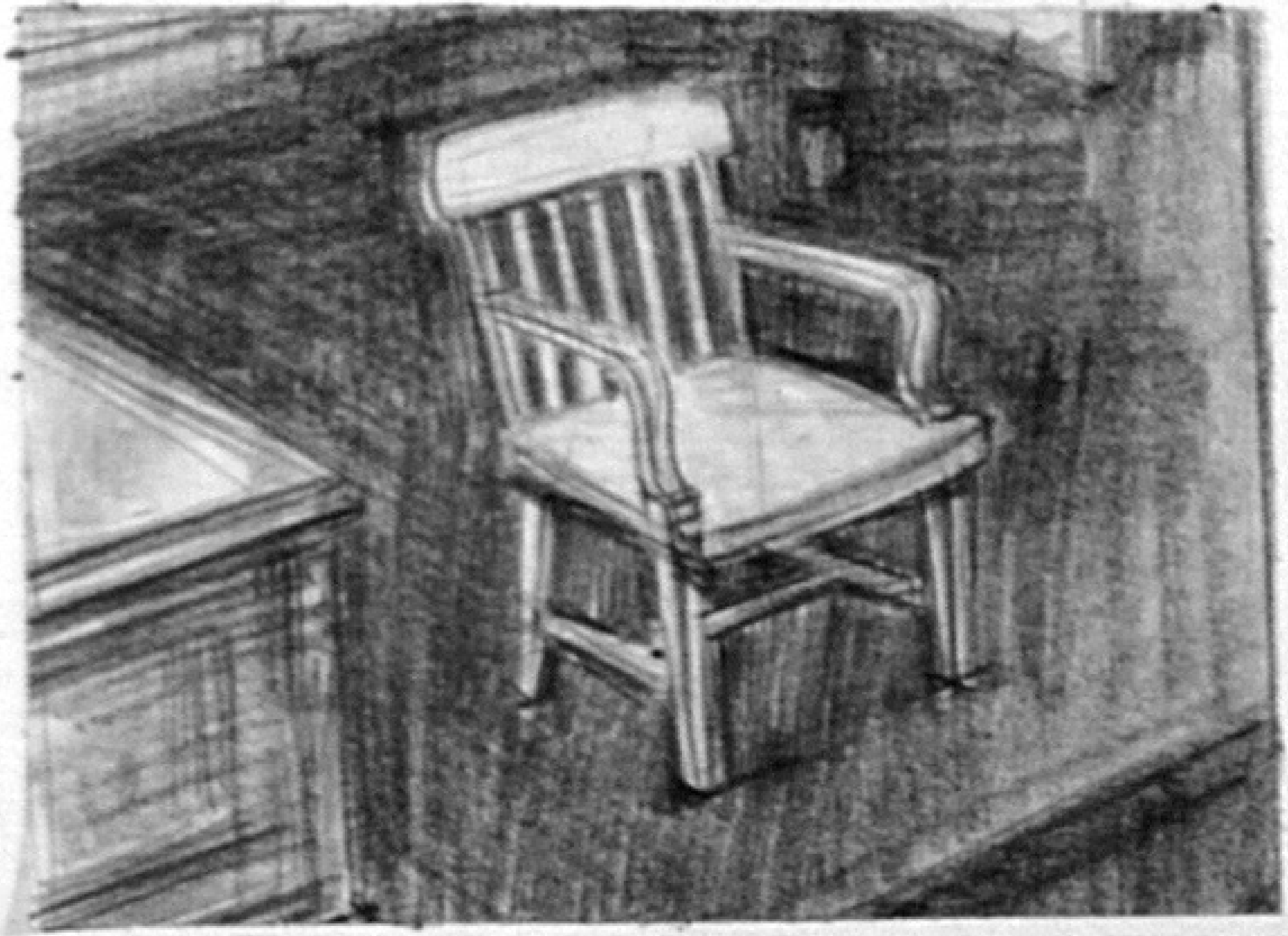


37 - 38A EXT. PRAIRIE

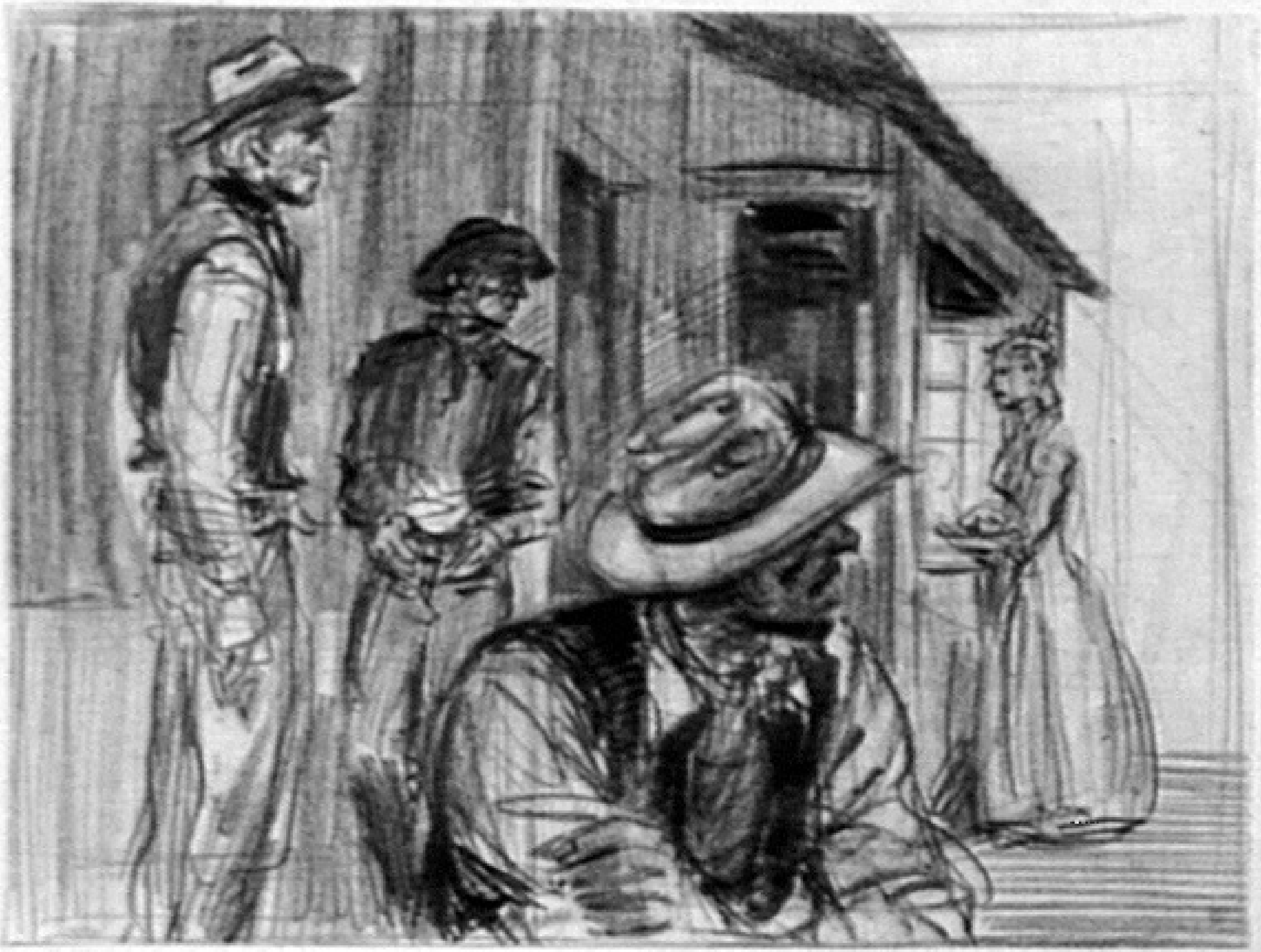


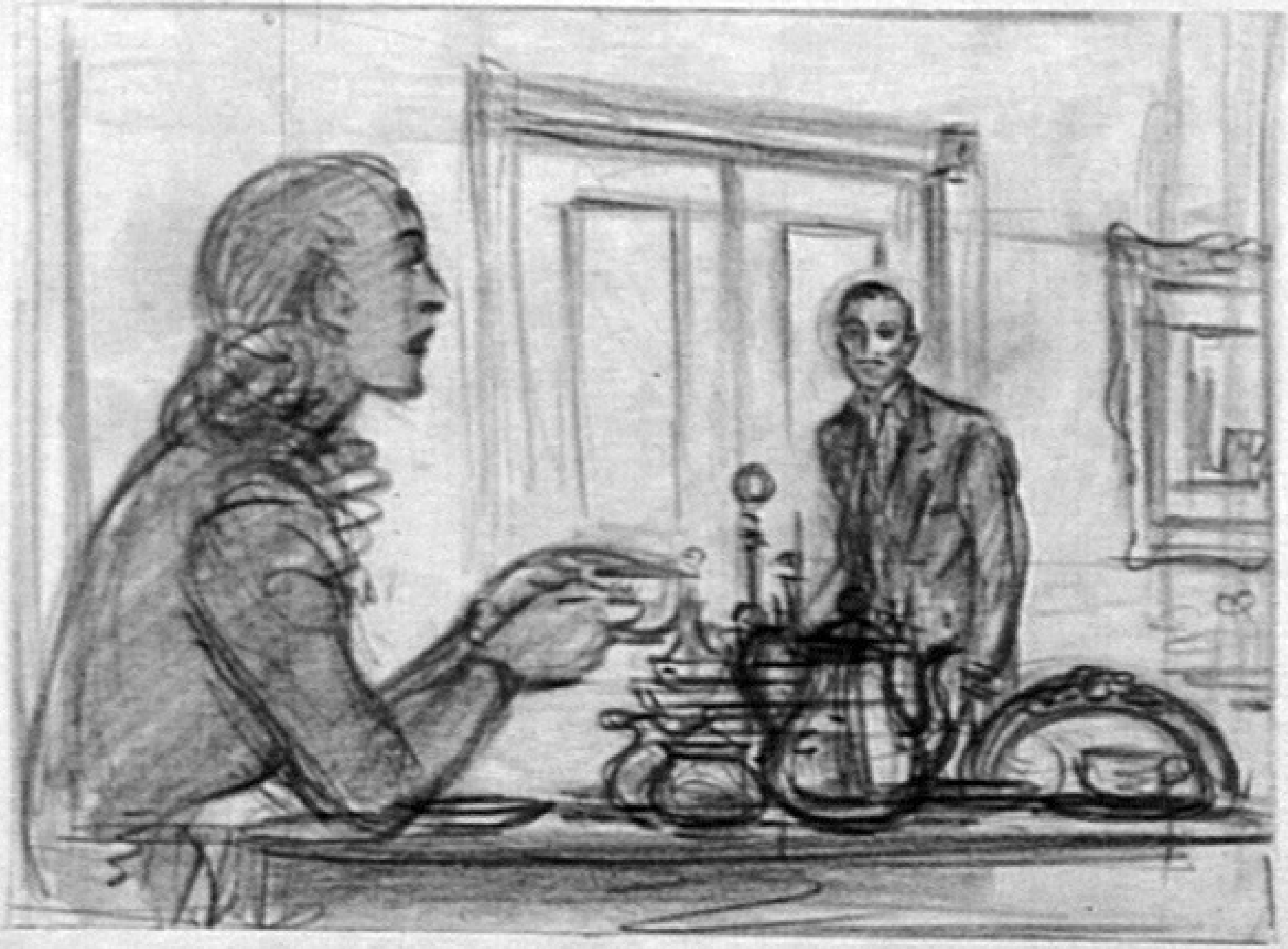




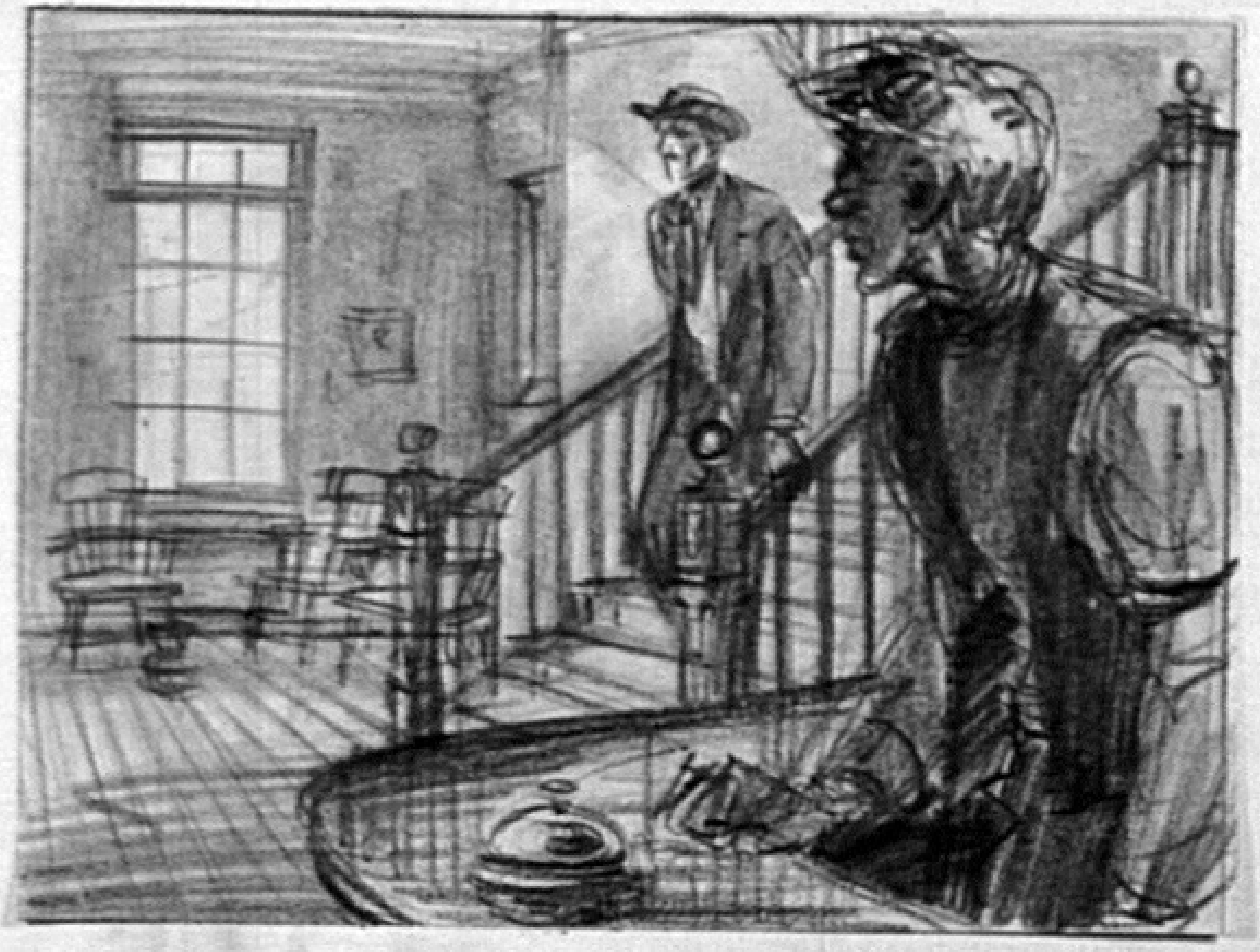


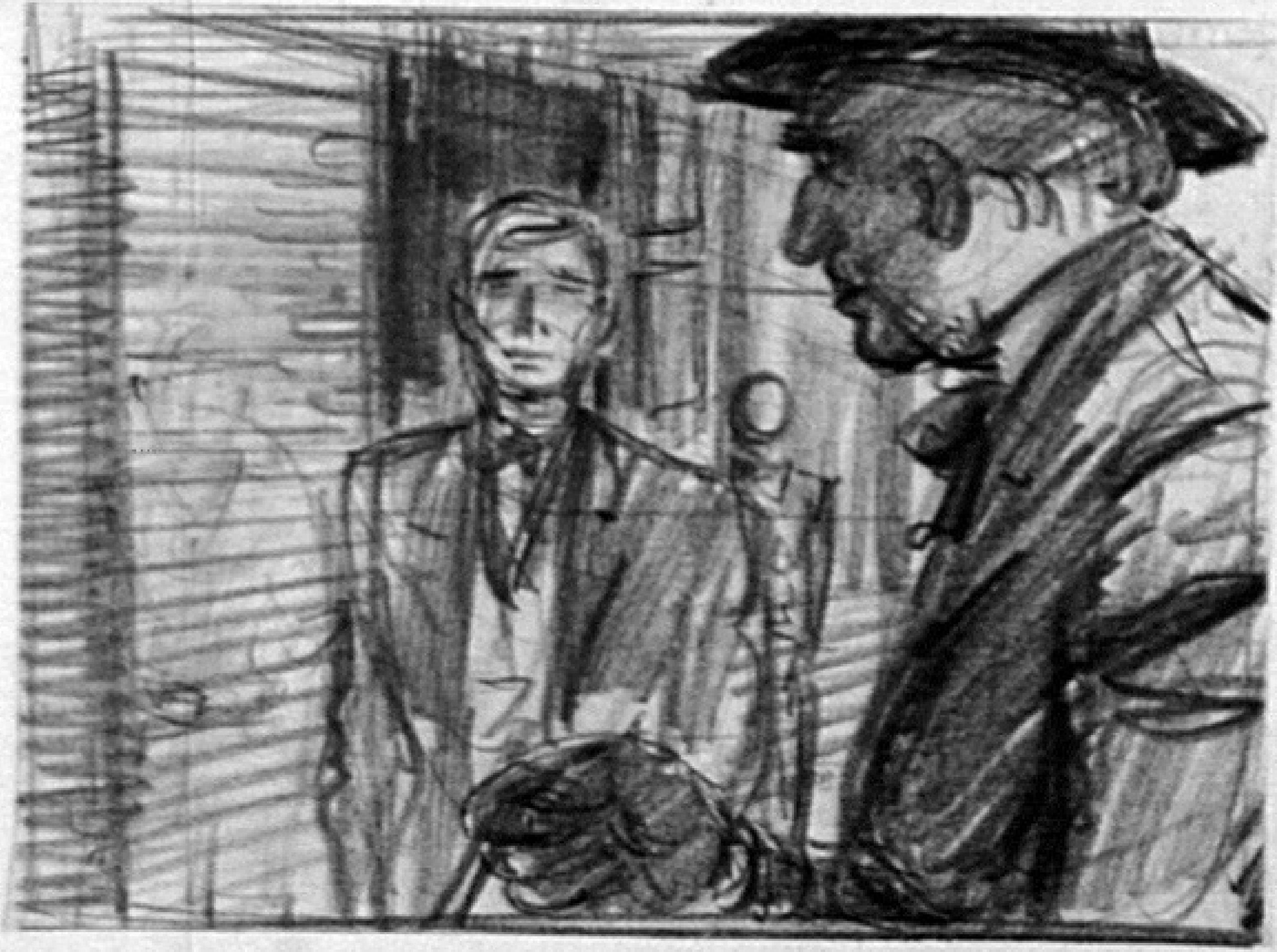
Acequia Exterior Set.

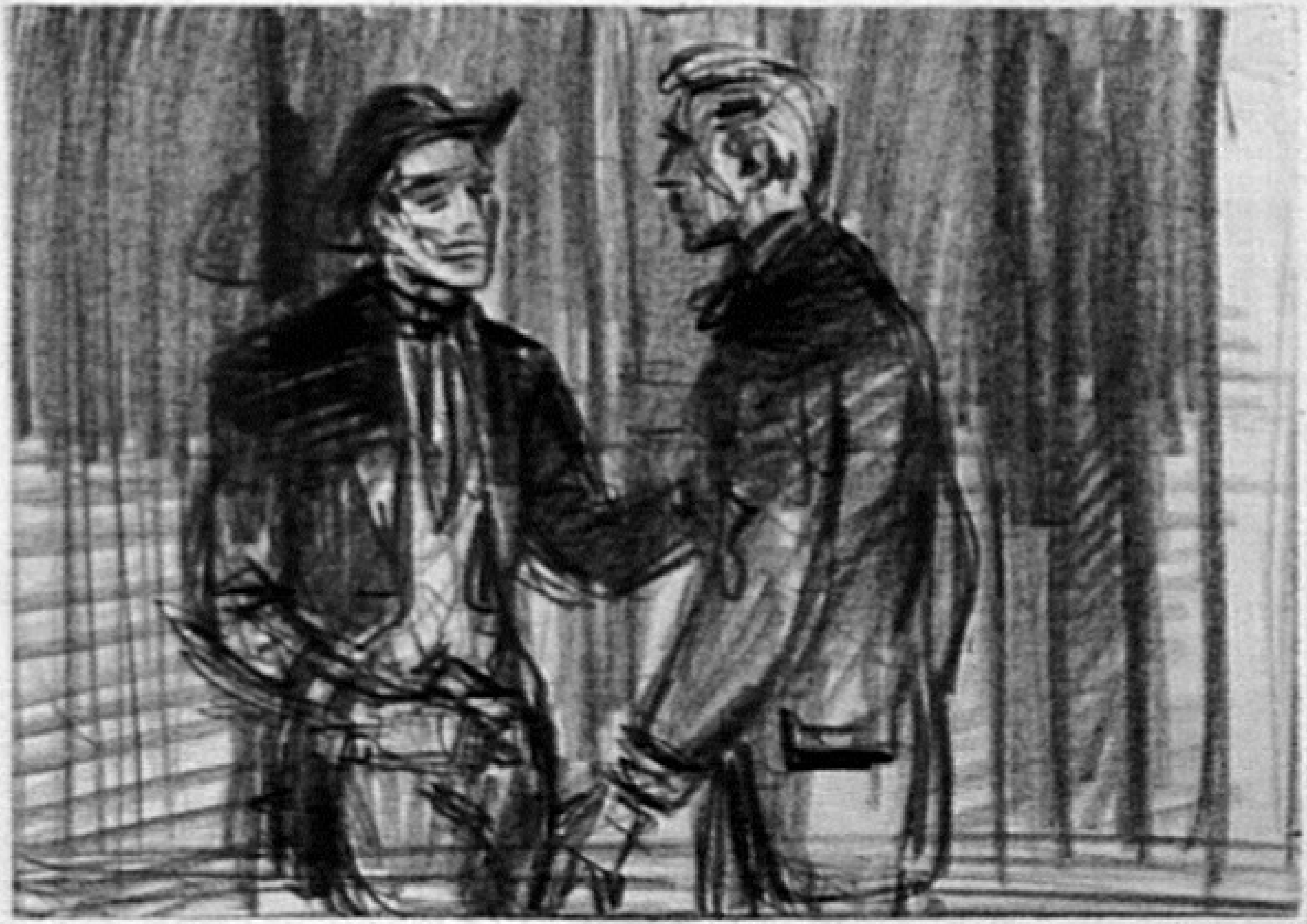


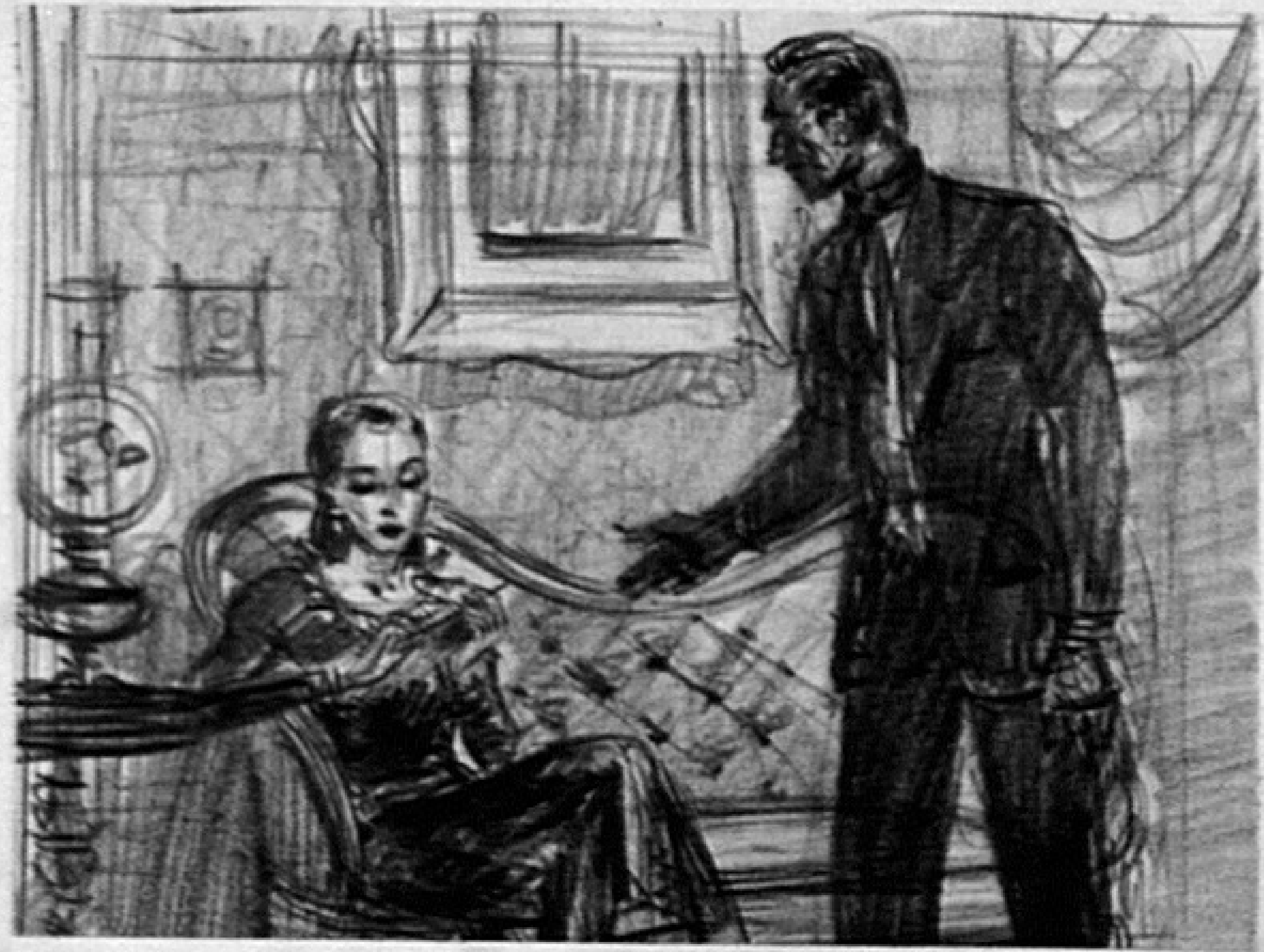


1-2

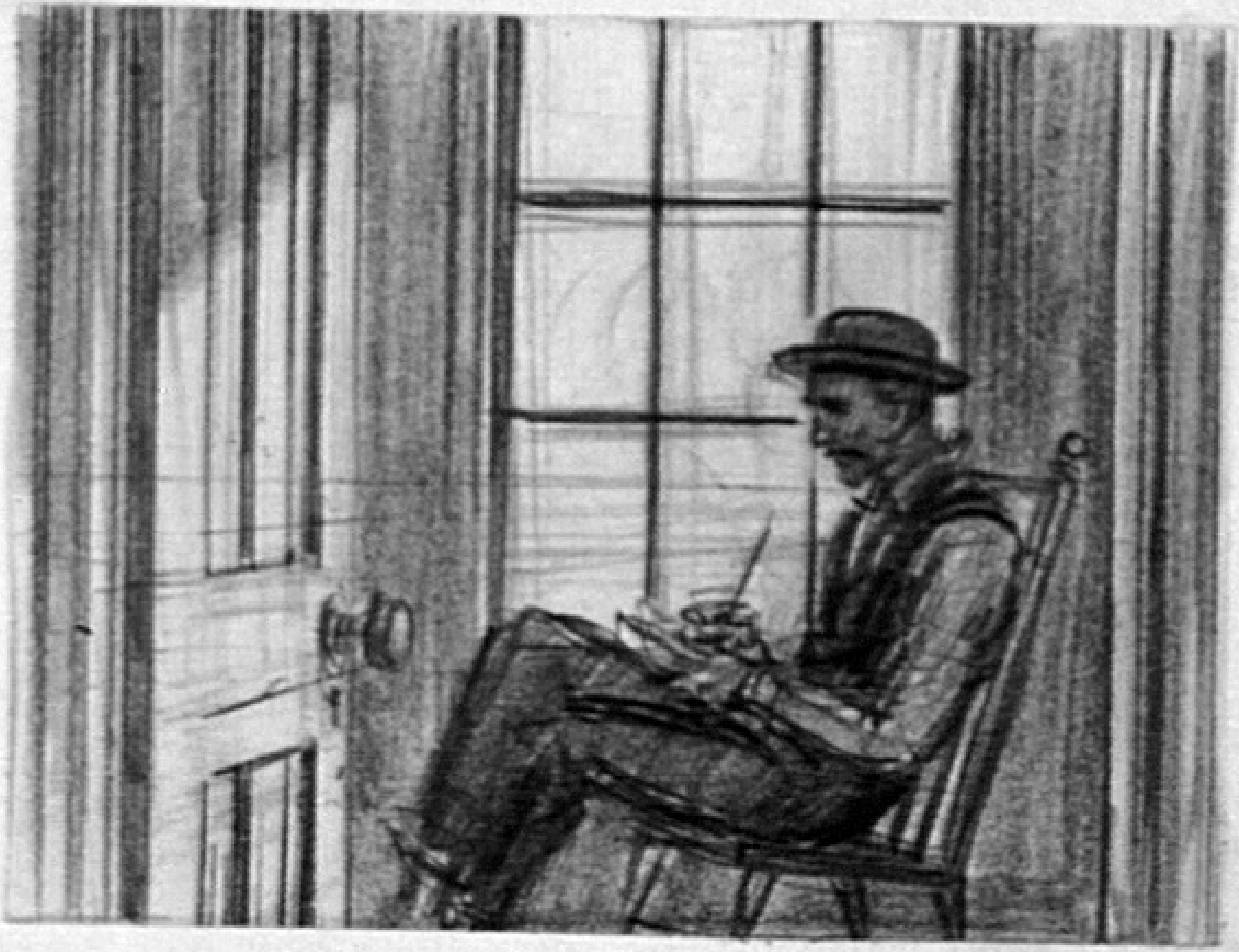


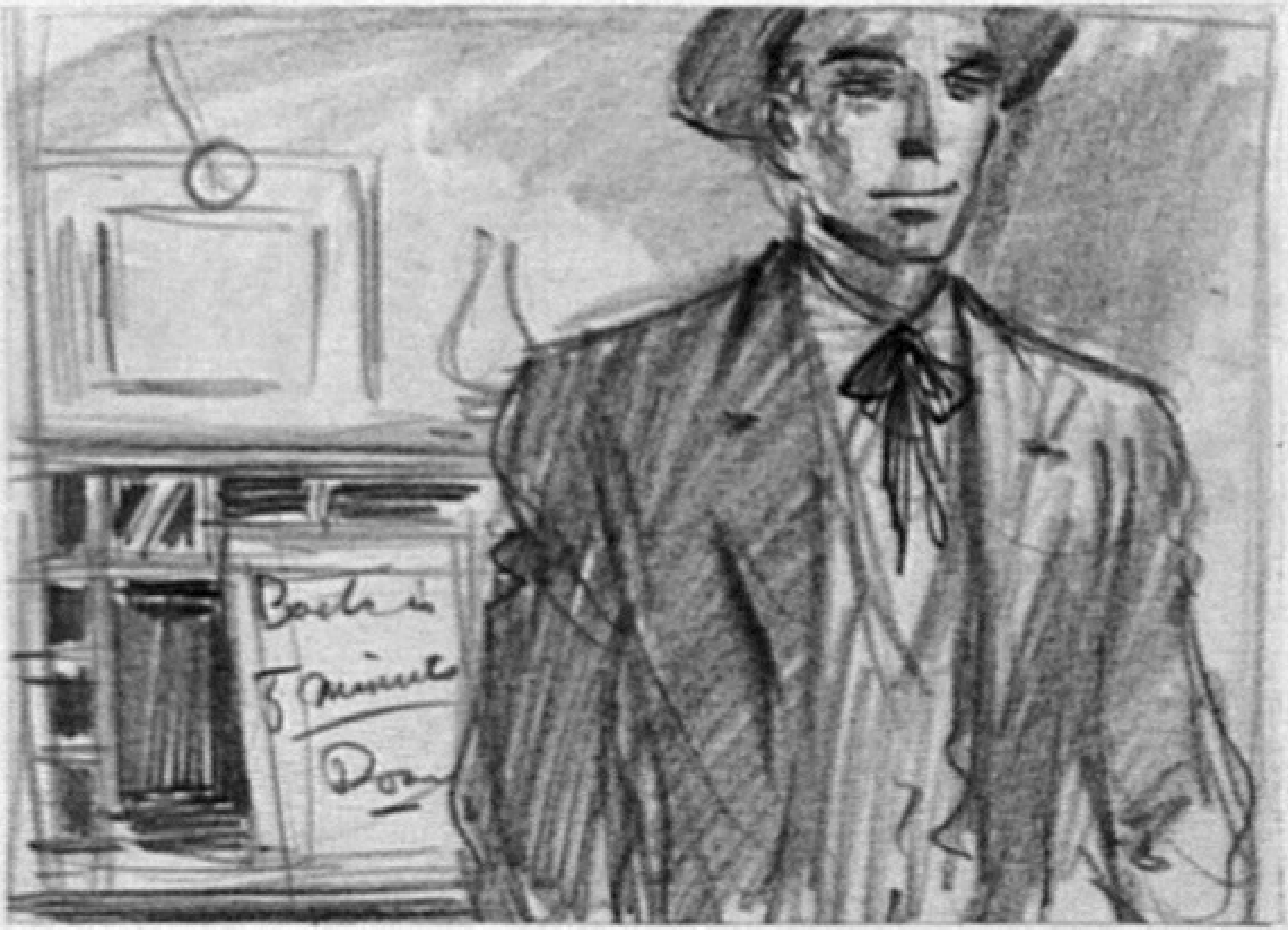


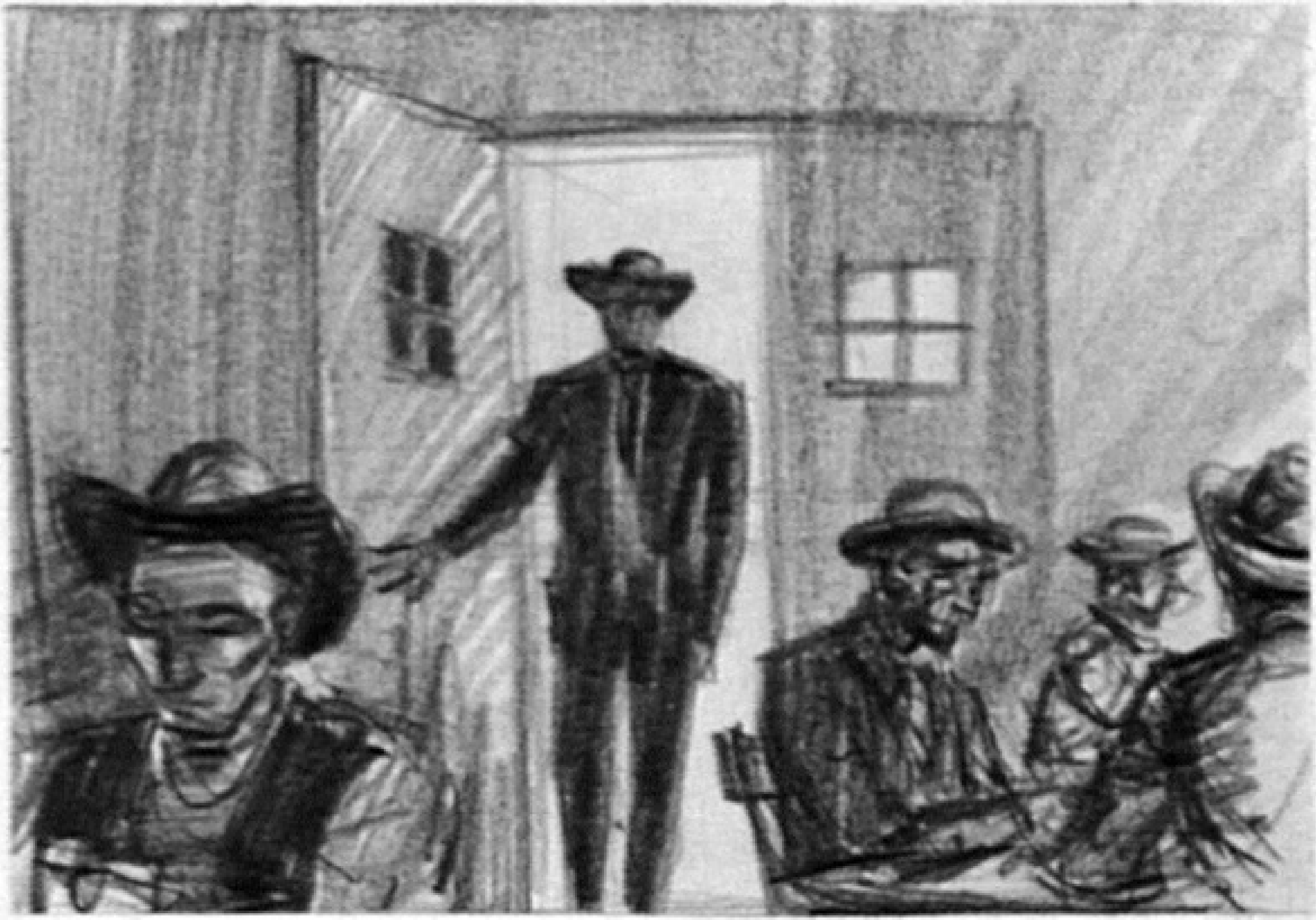


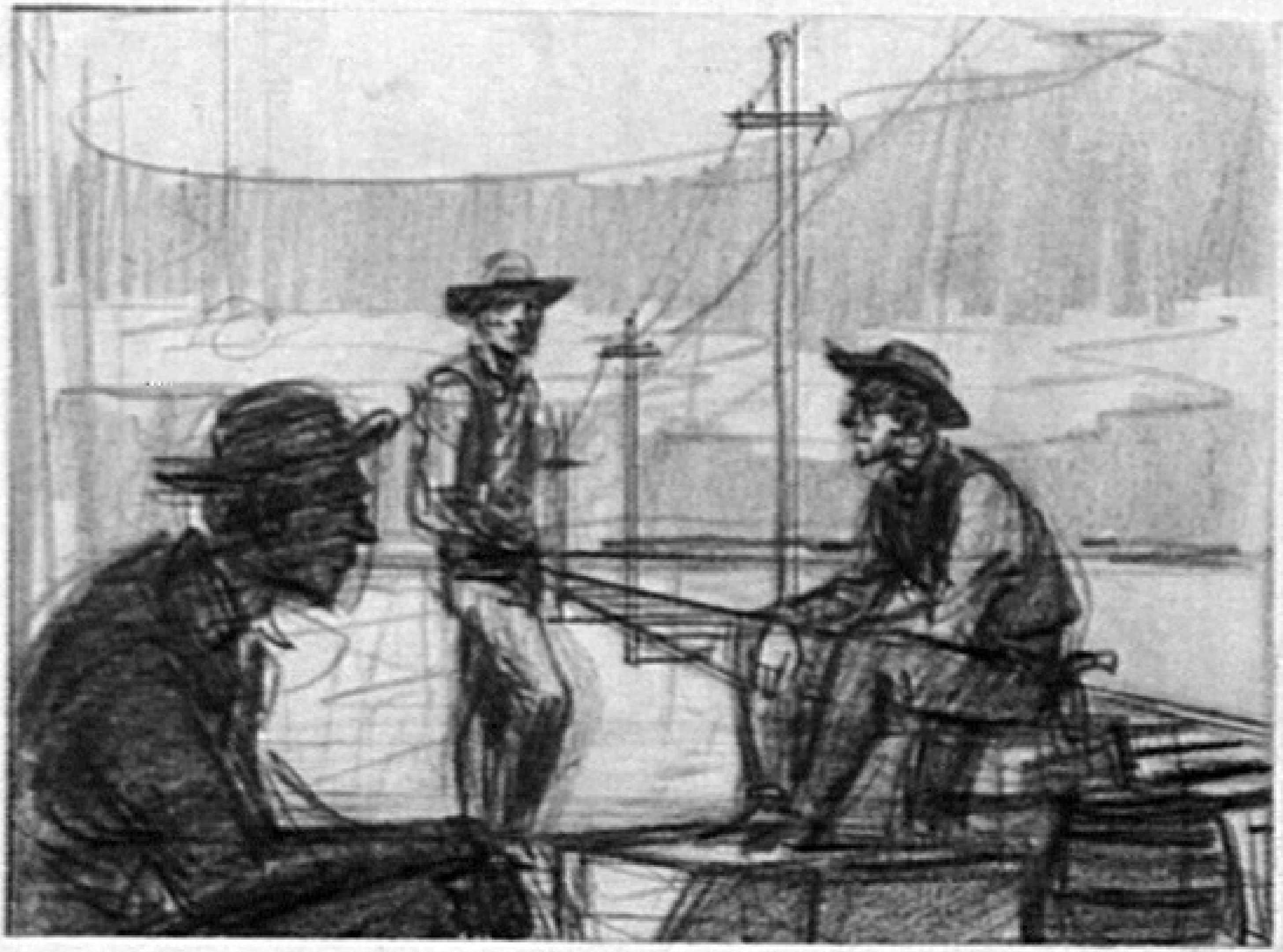


E.H.A

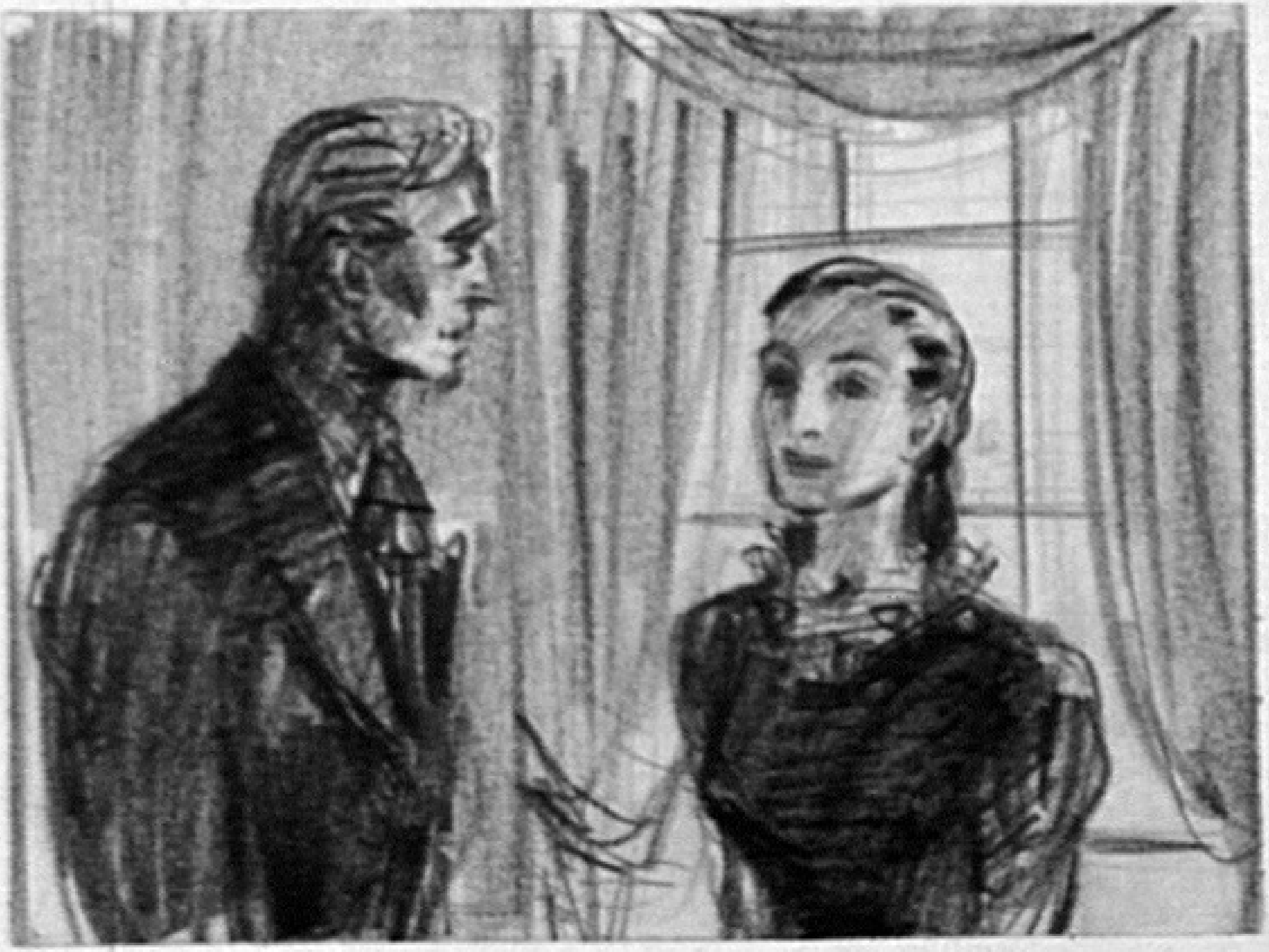



Back in
5 minutes
Don





95 missed the point completely



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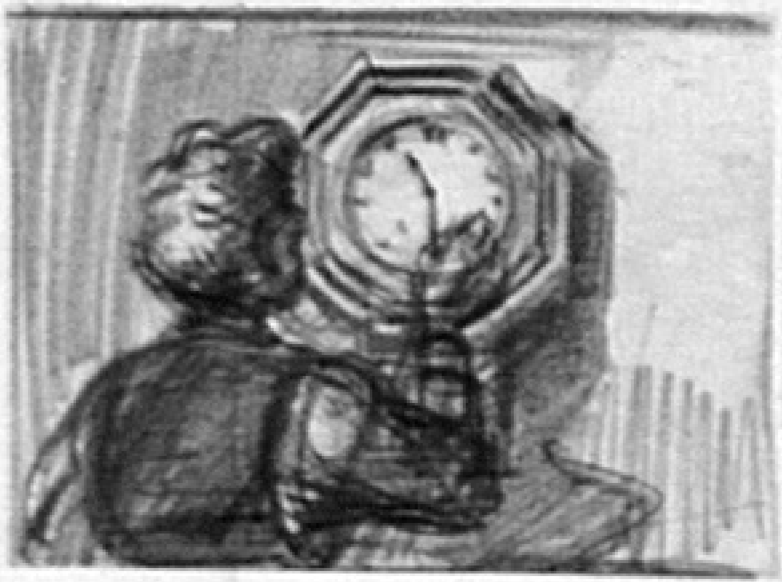

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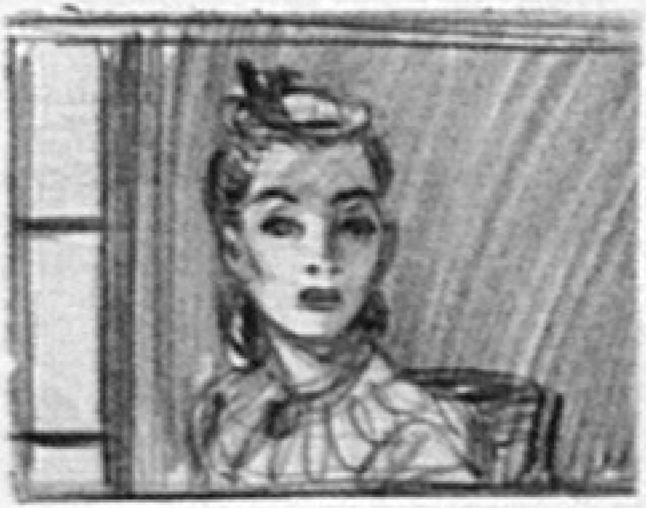

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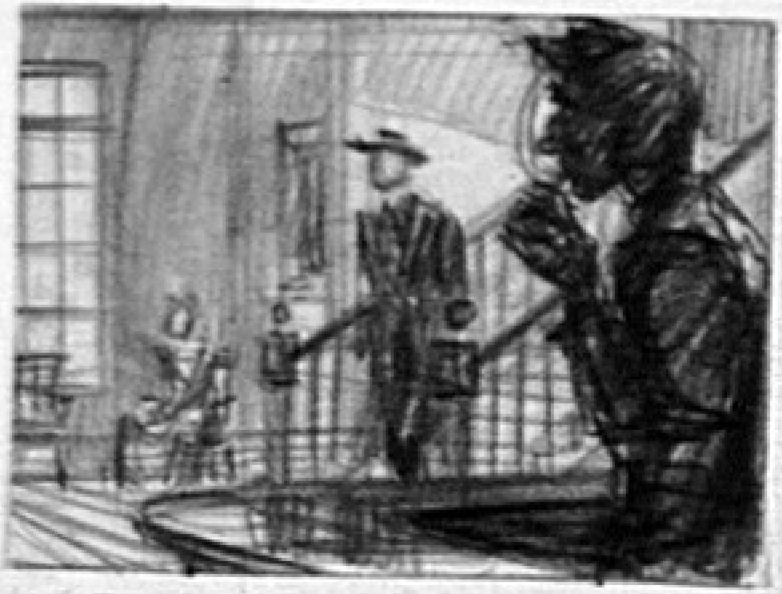

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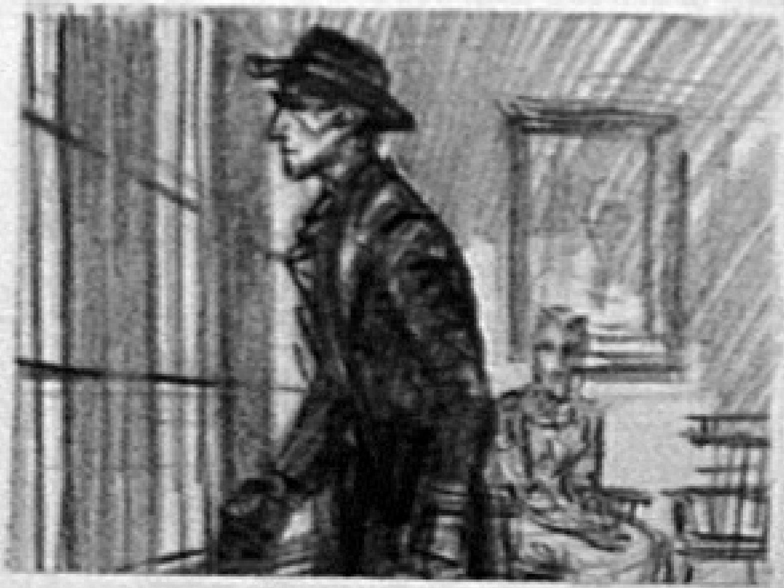

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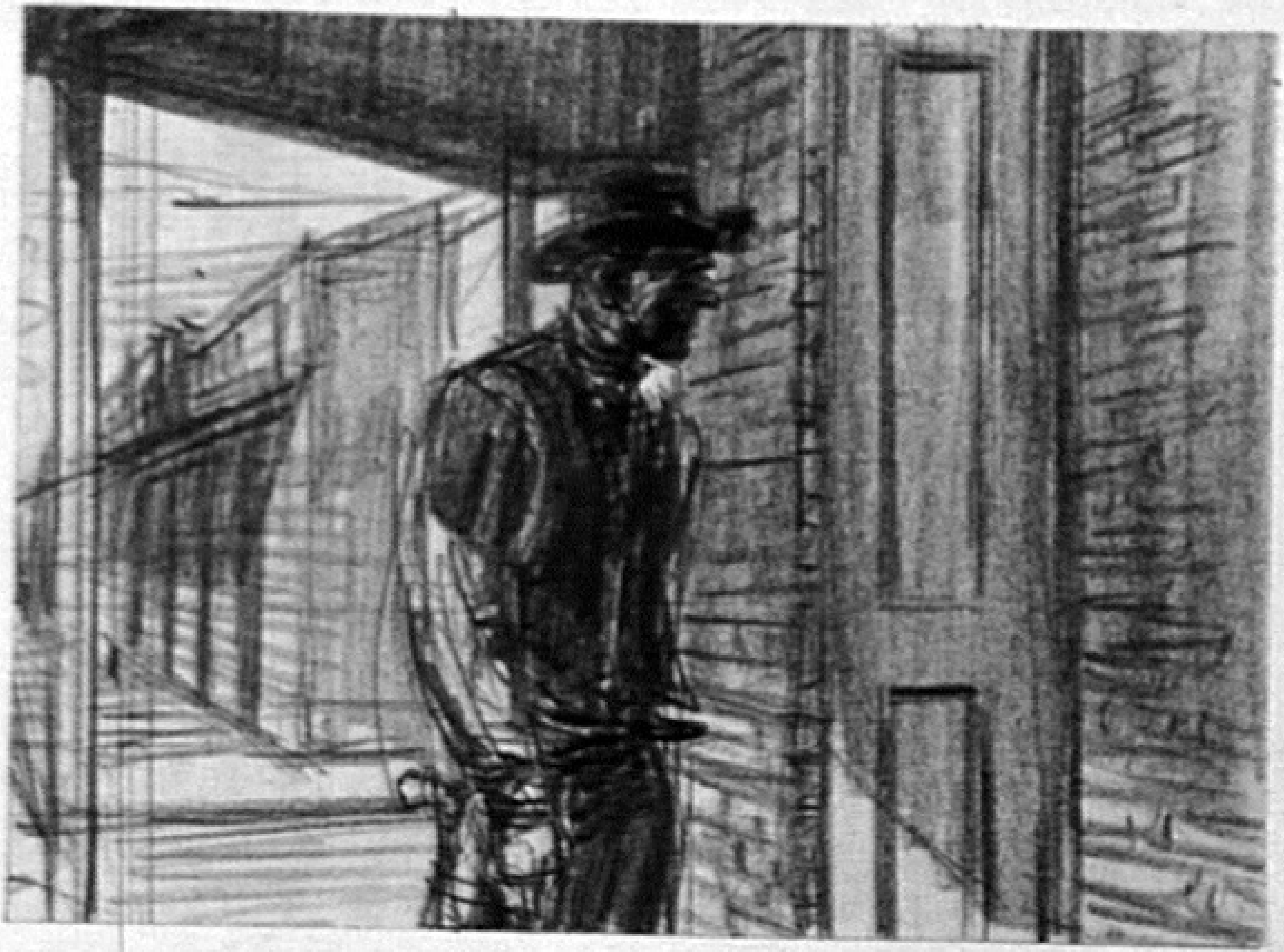

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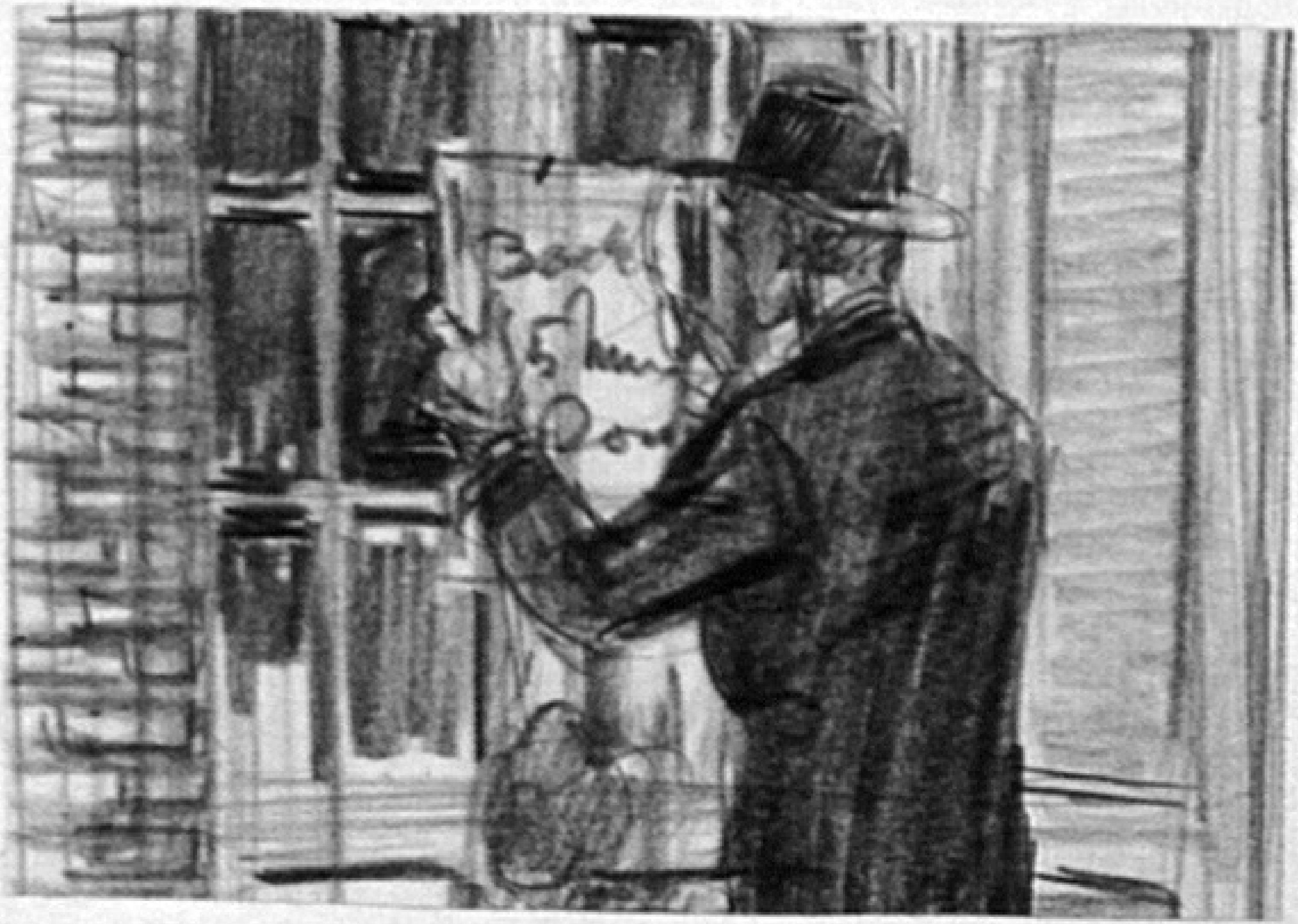

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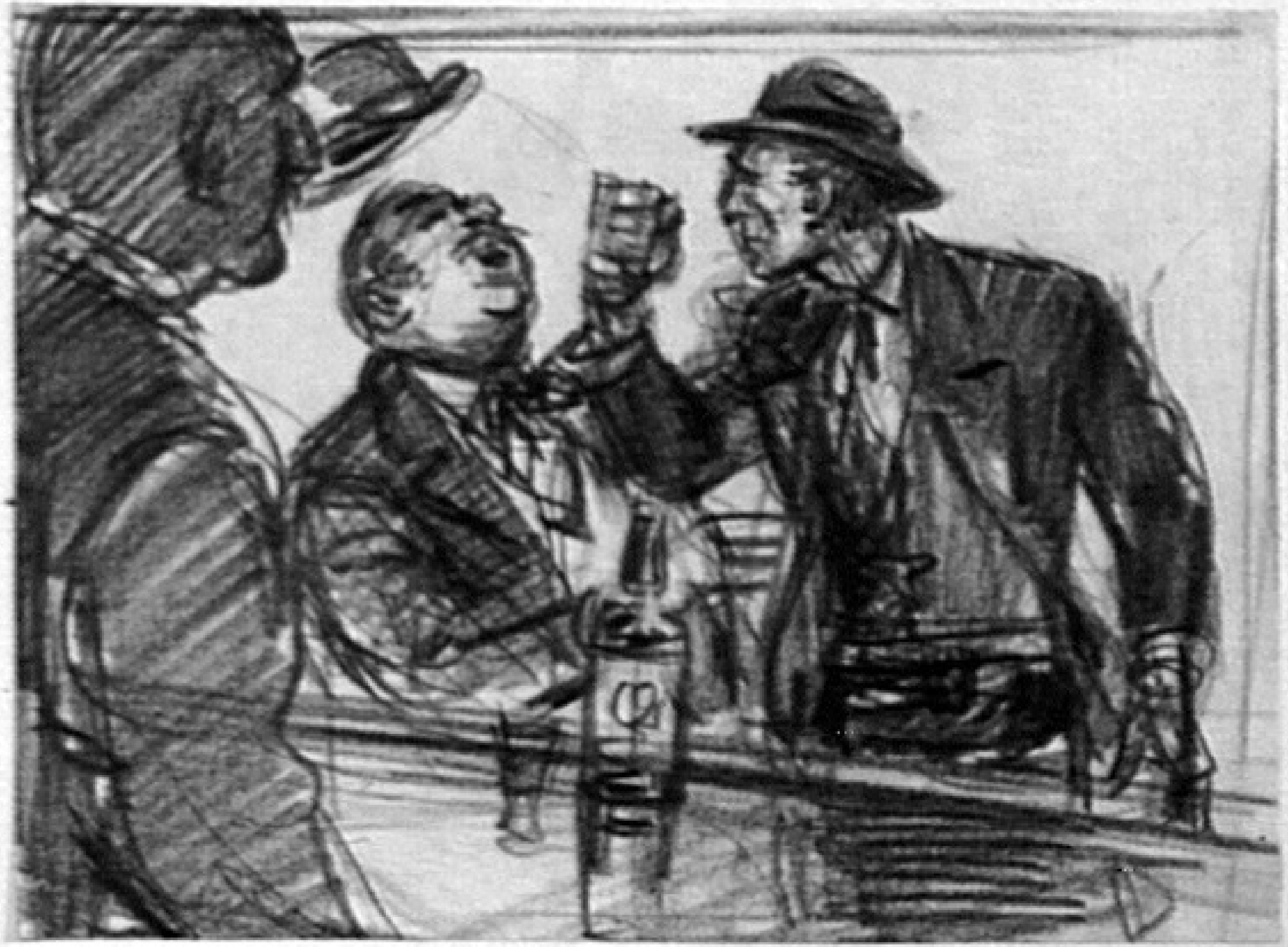

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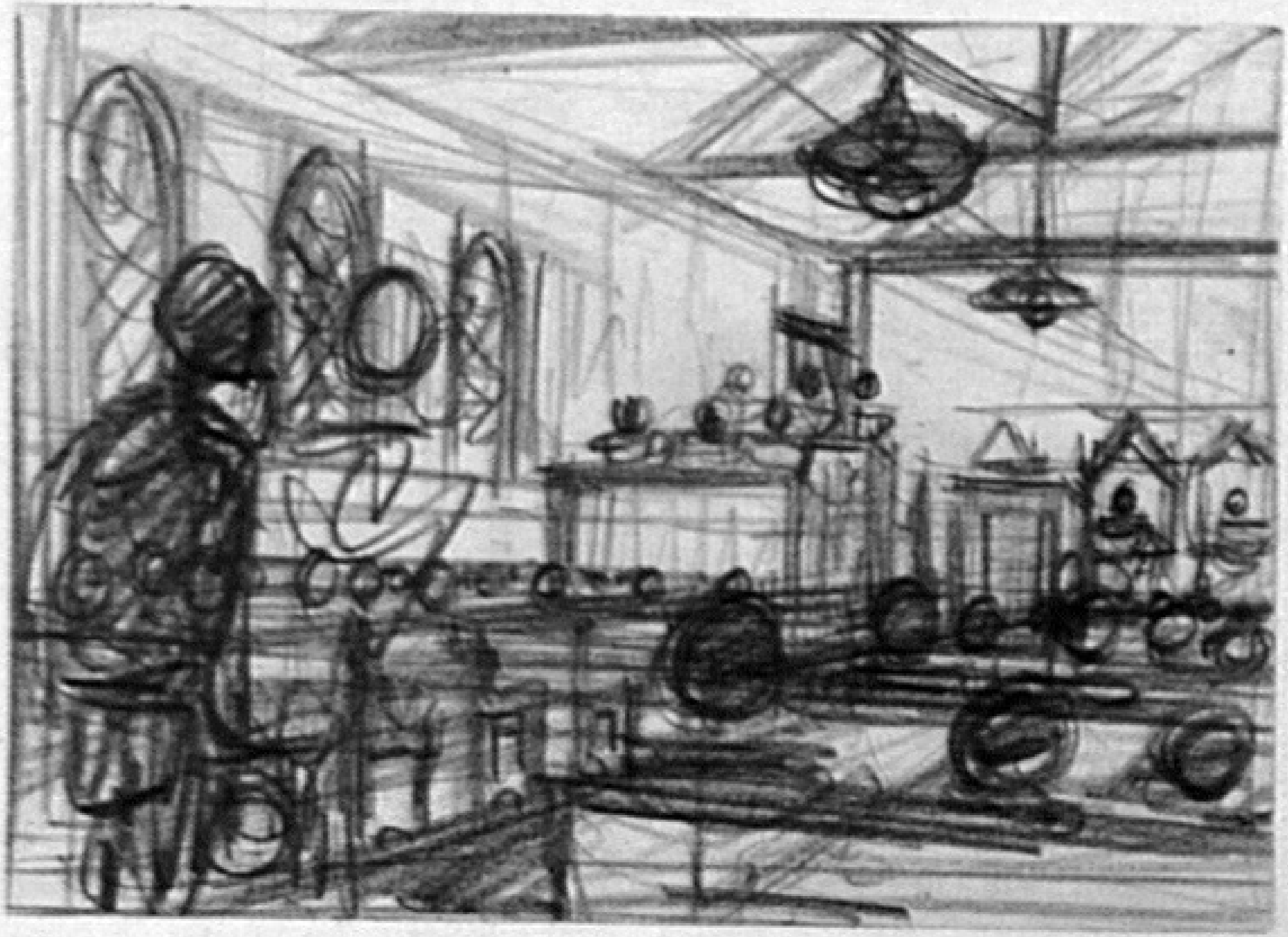
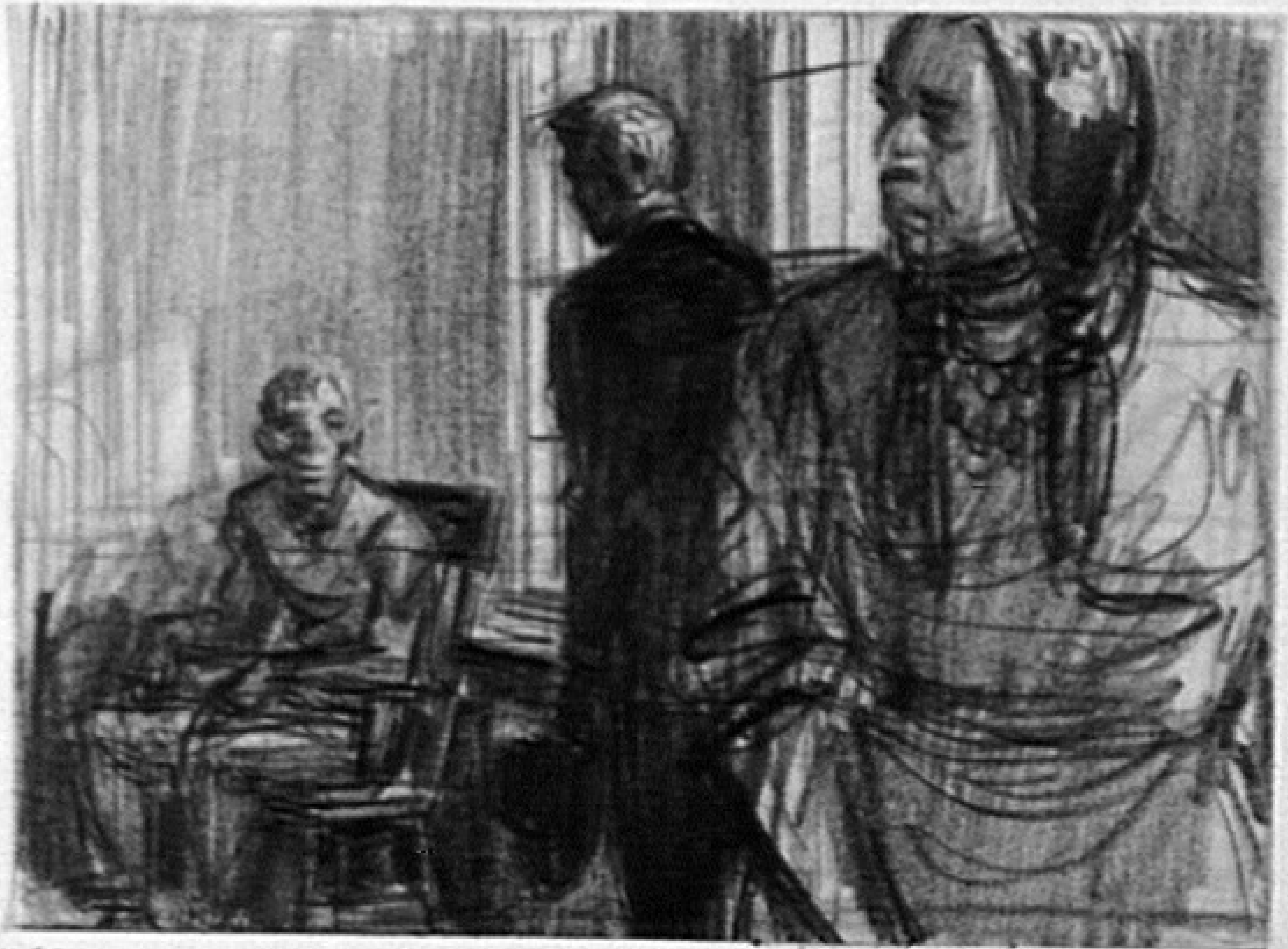
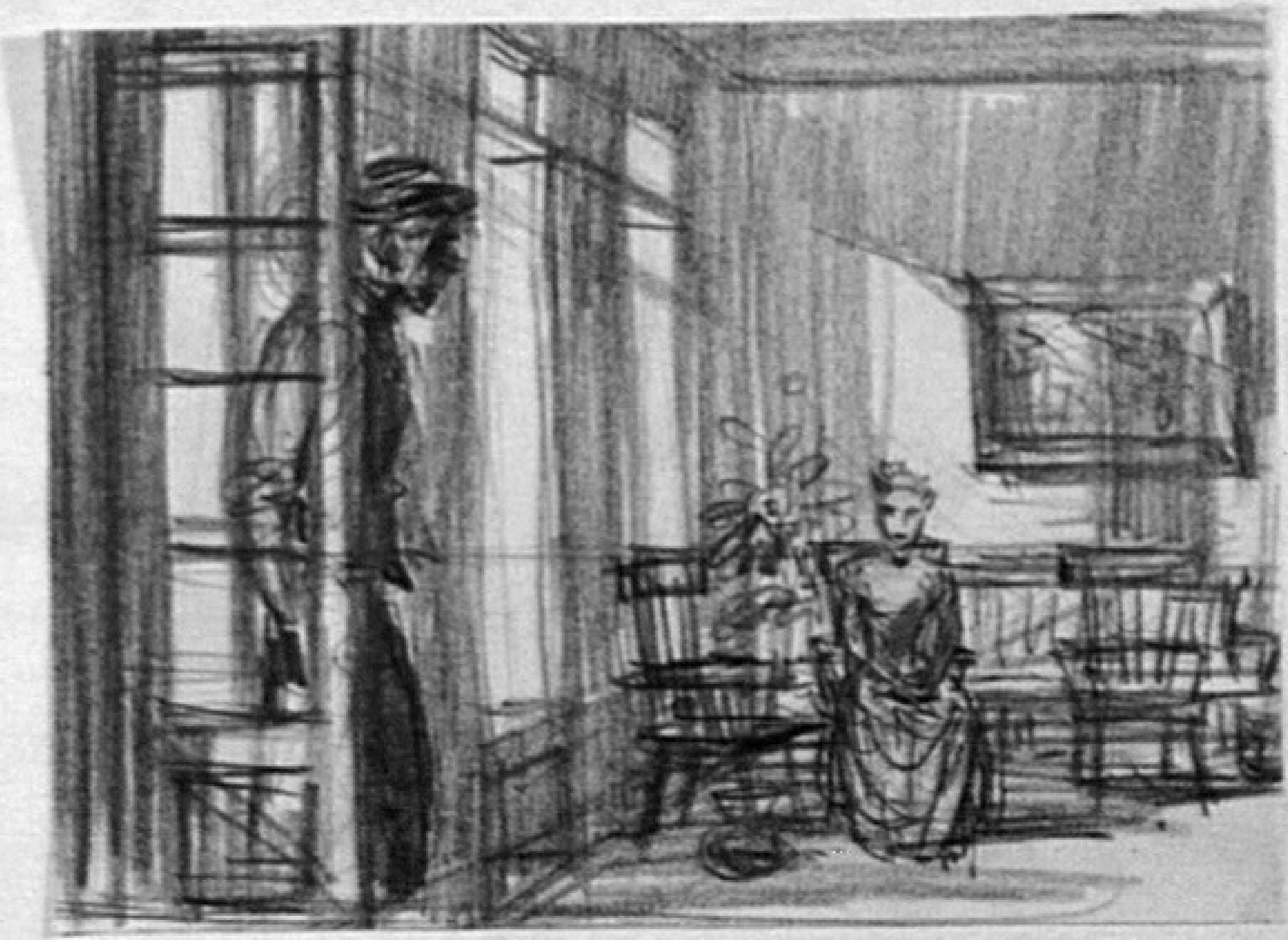


124A



130D



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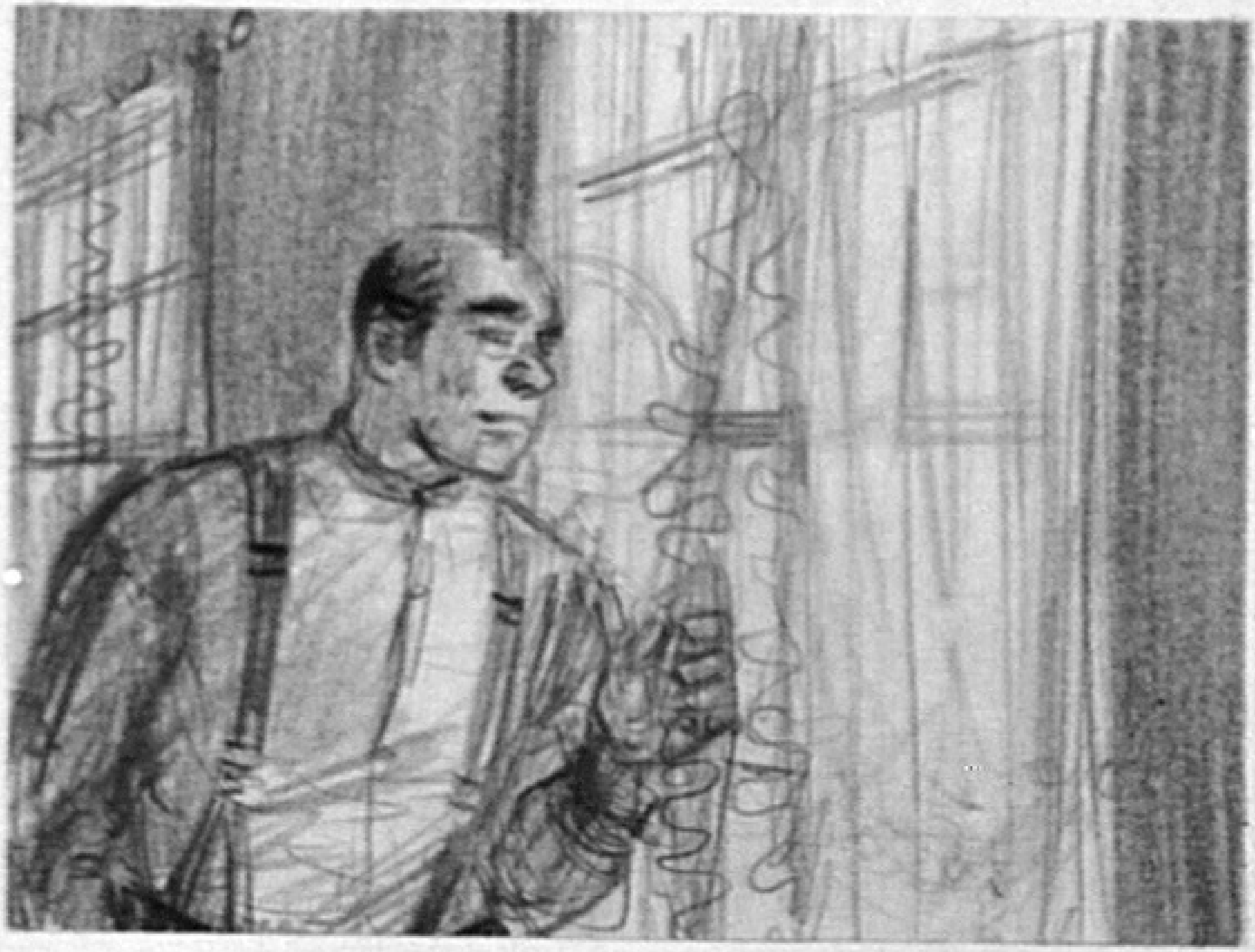
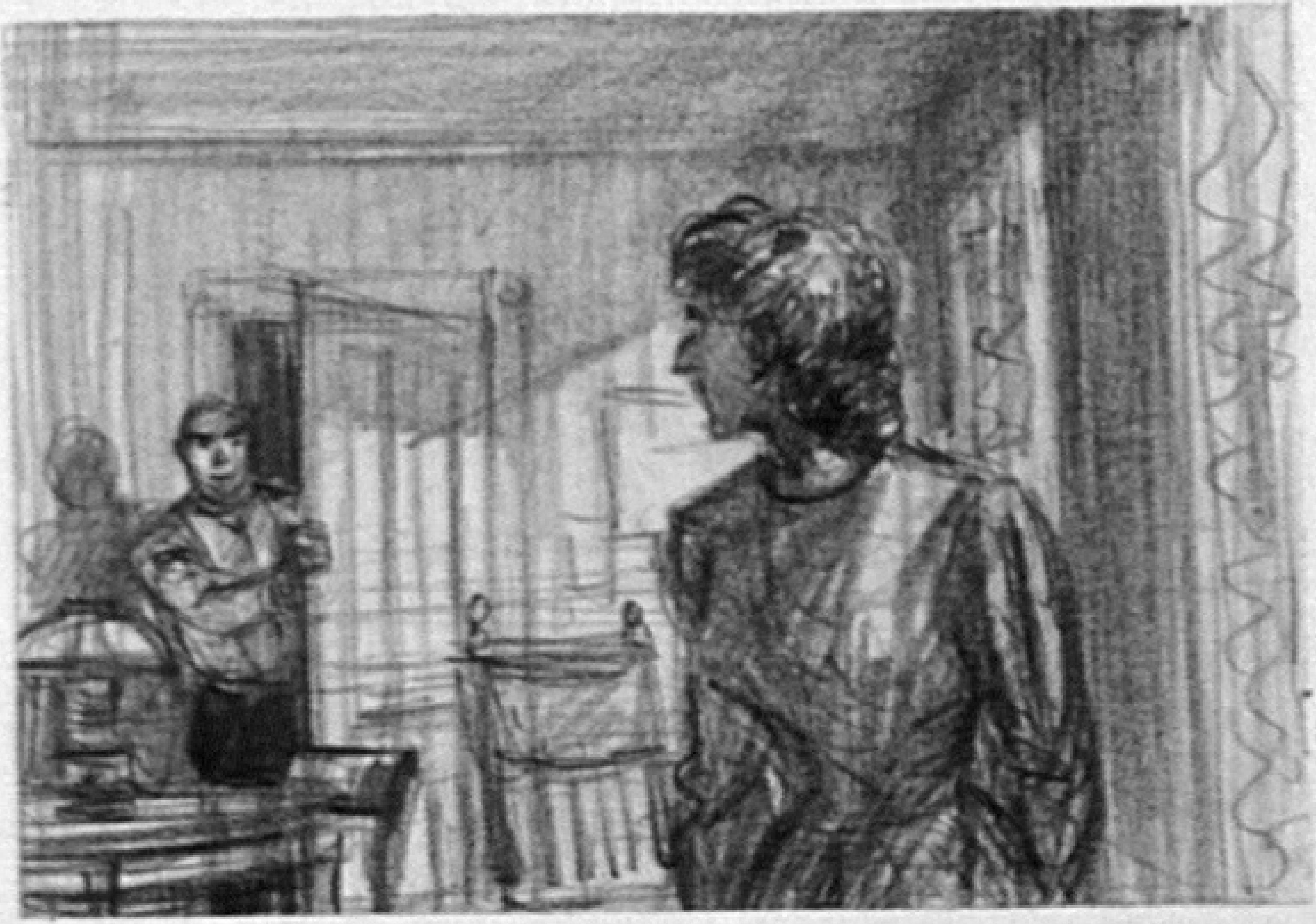
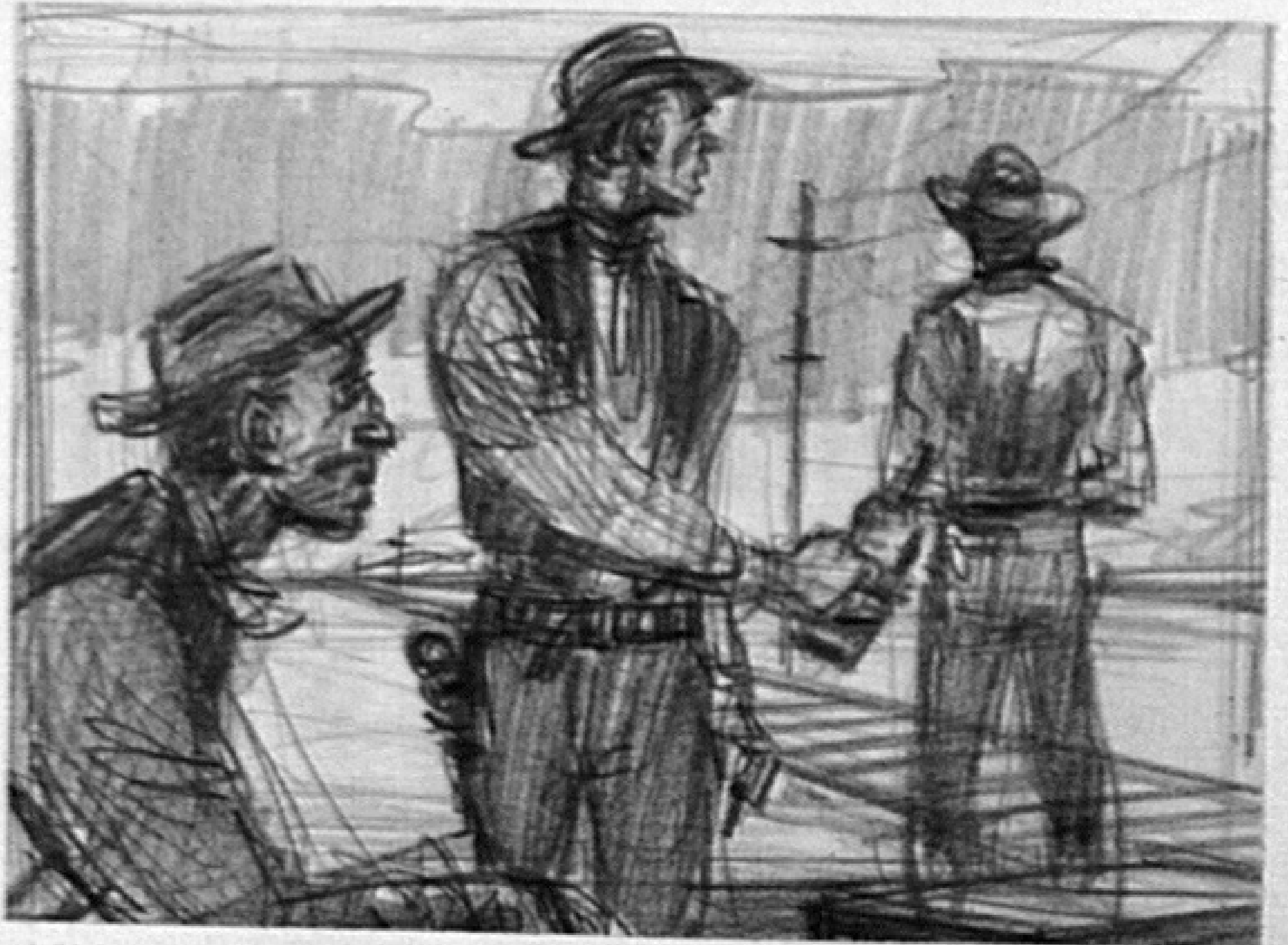


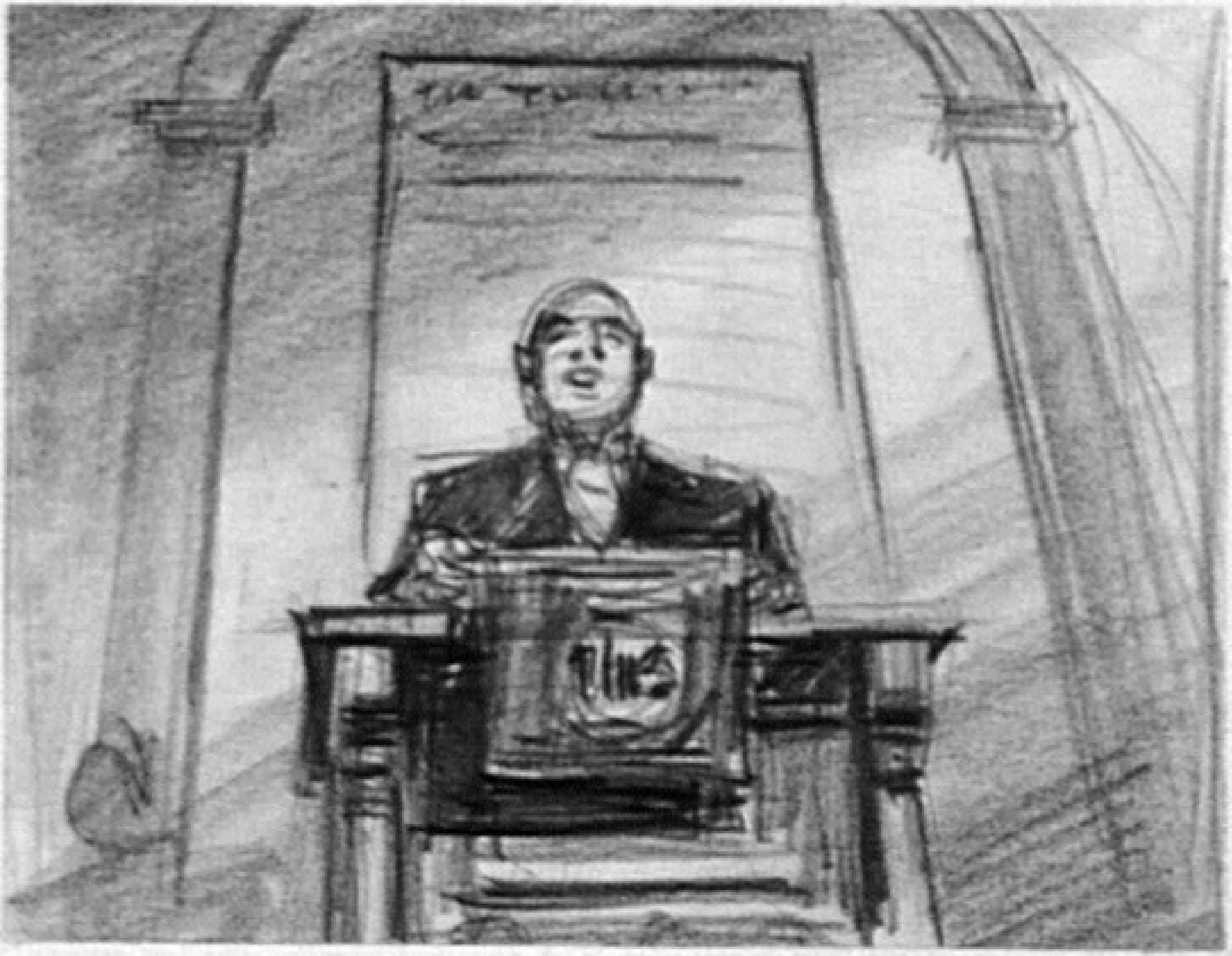
145 A



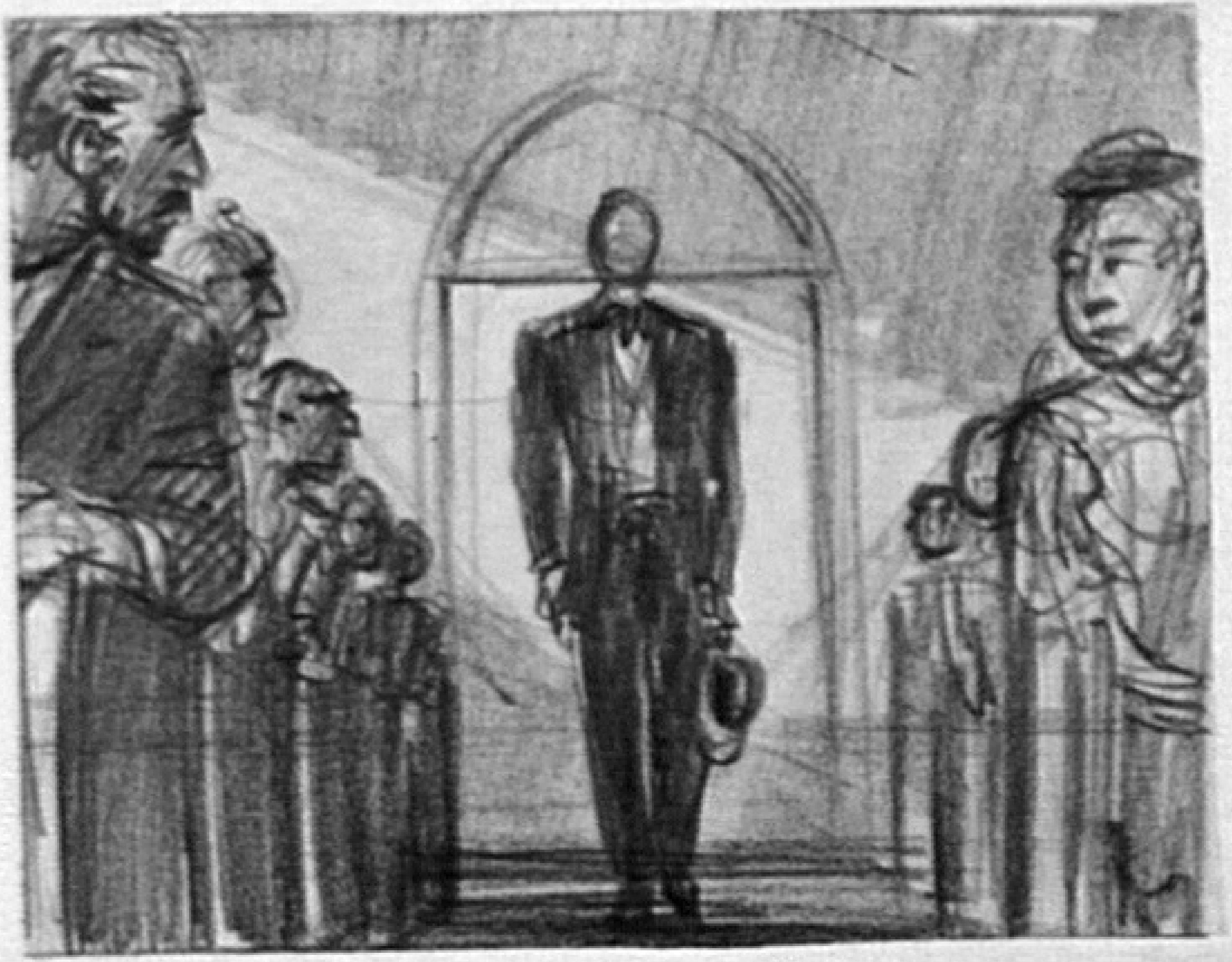
145 B



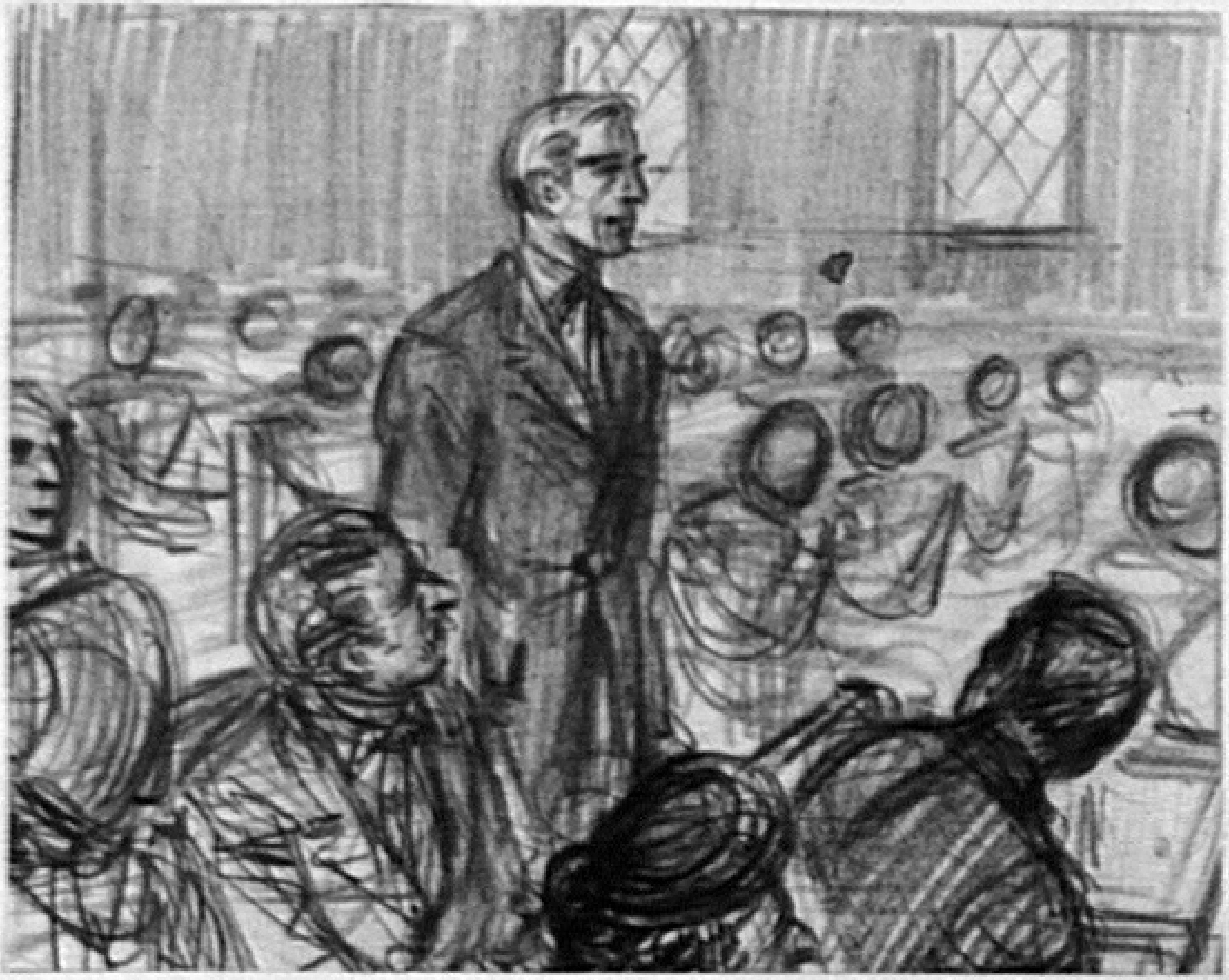
149-150a



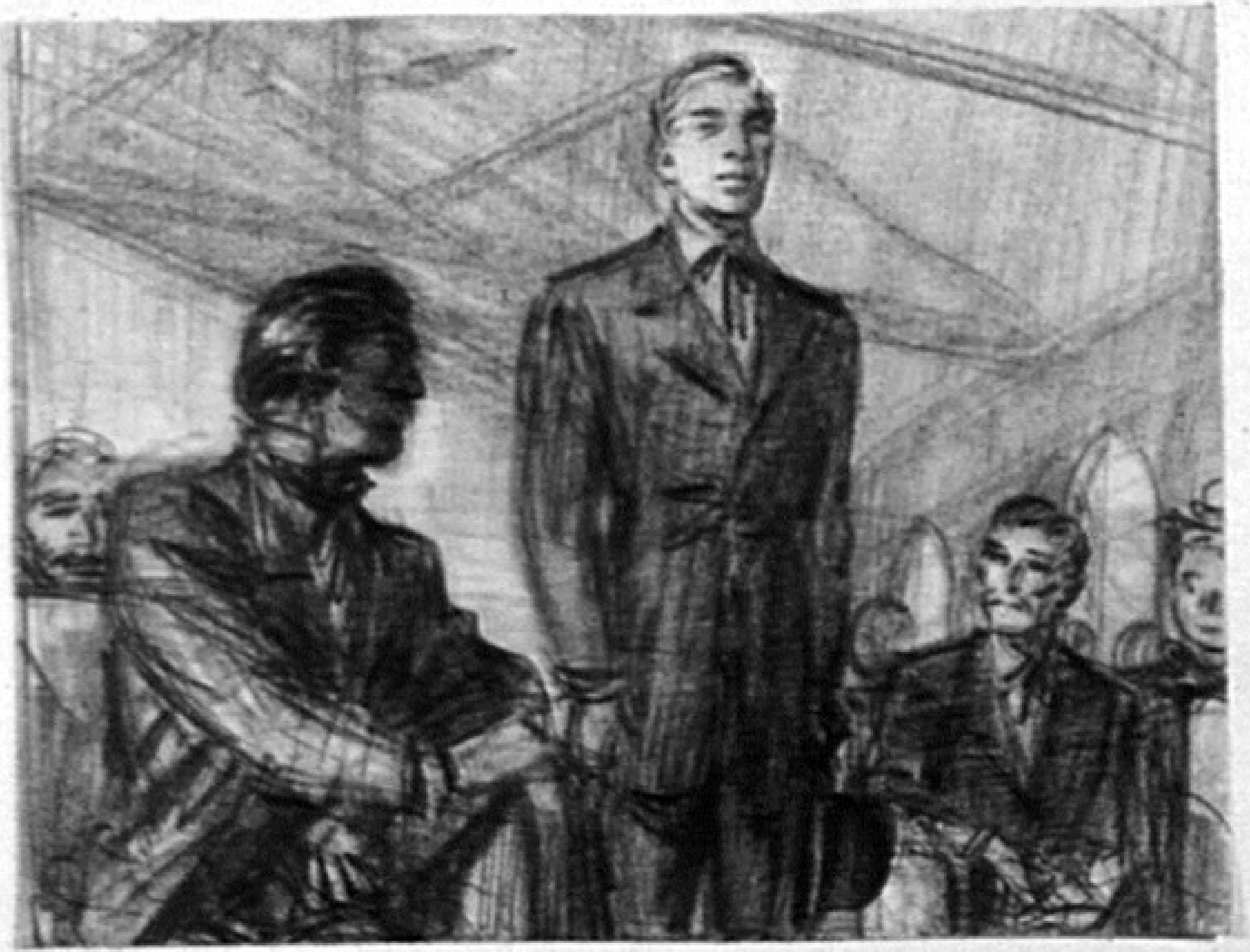
173-183A



183C



183E-



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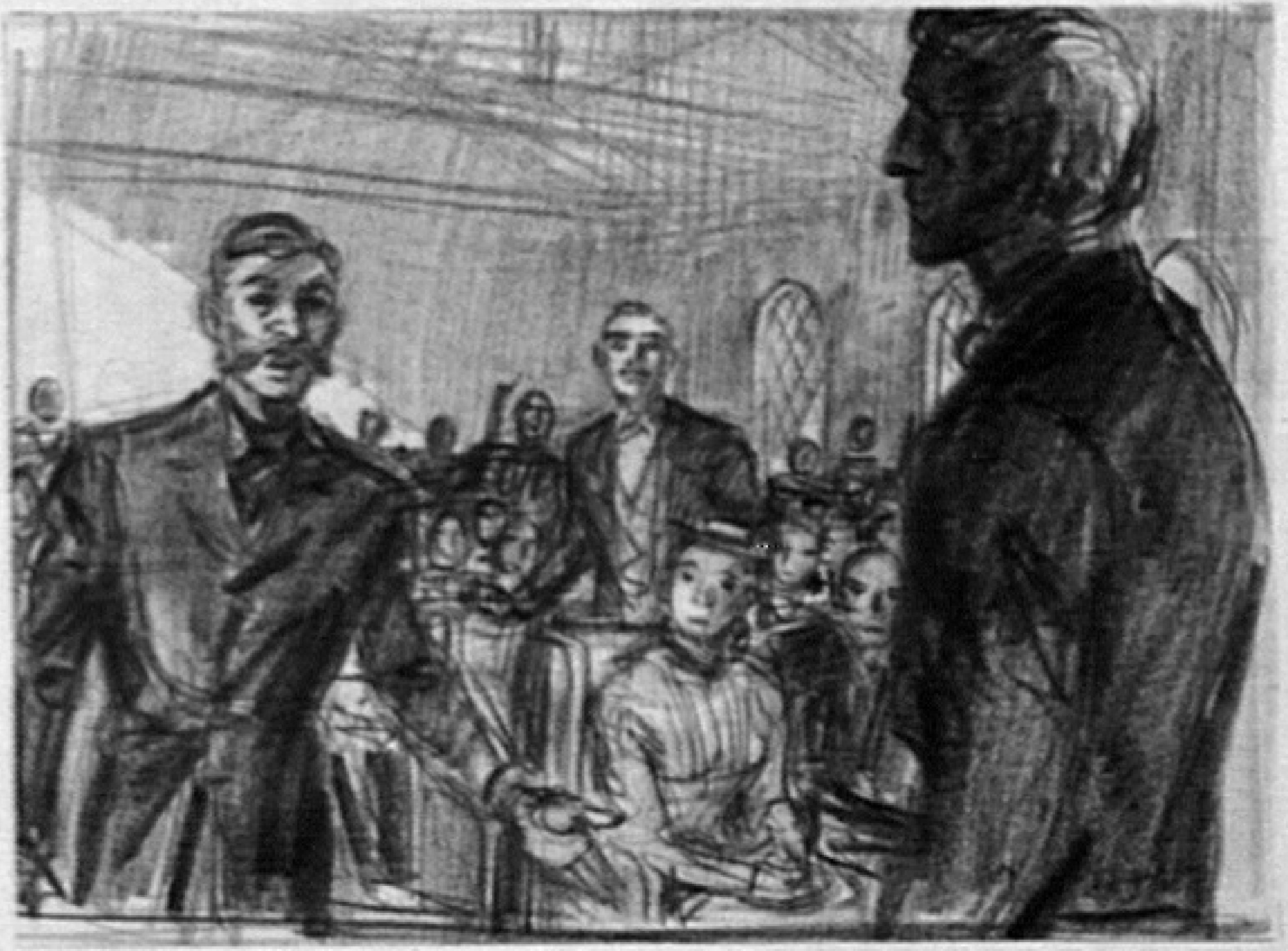

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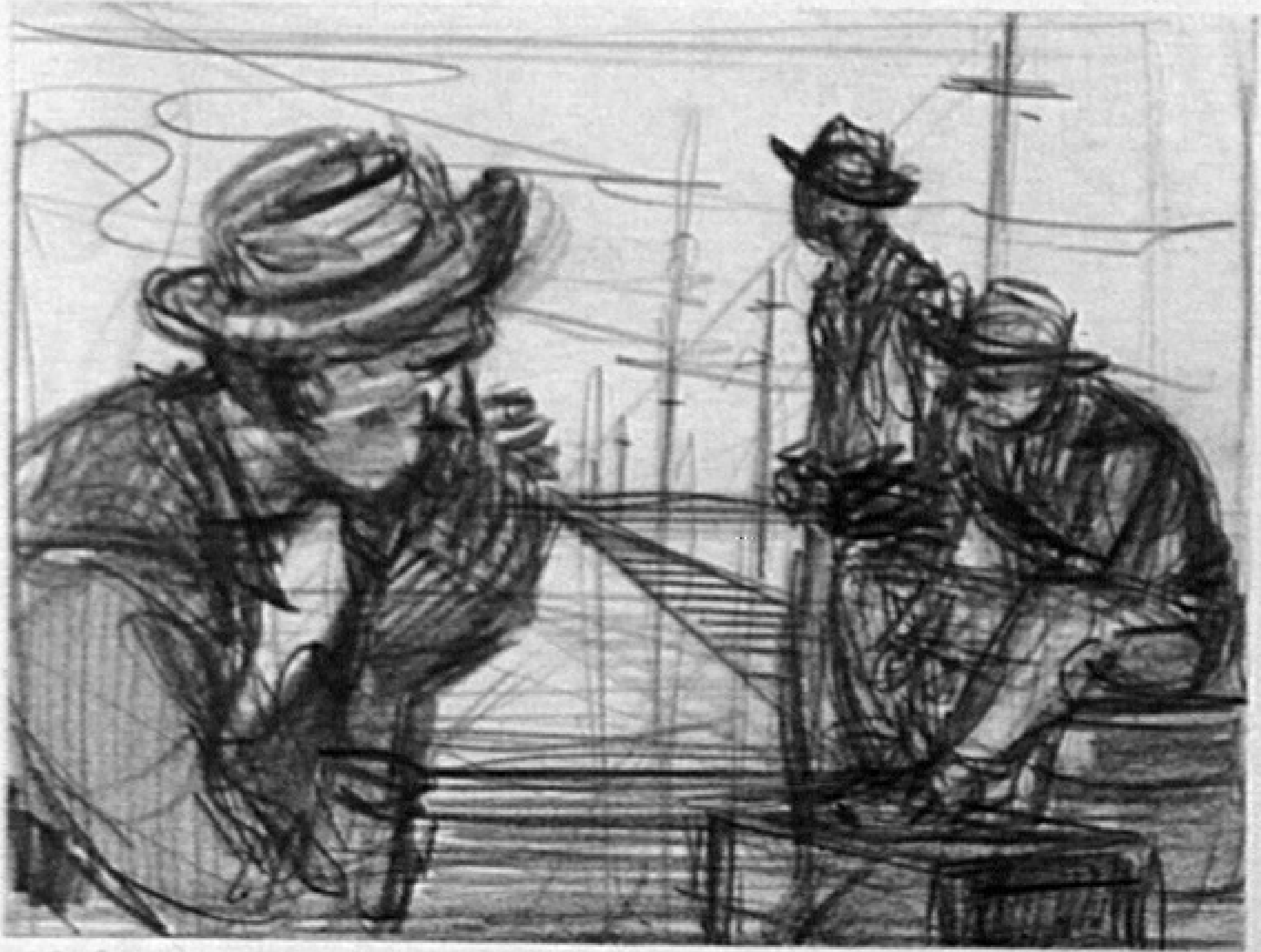
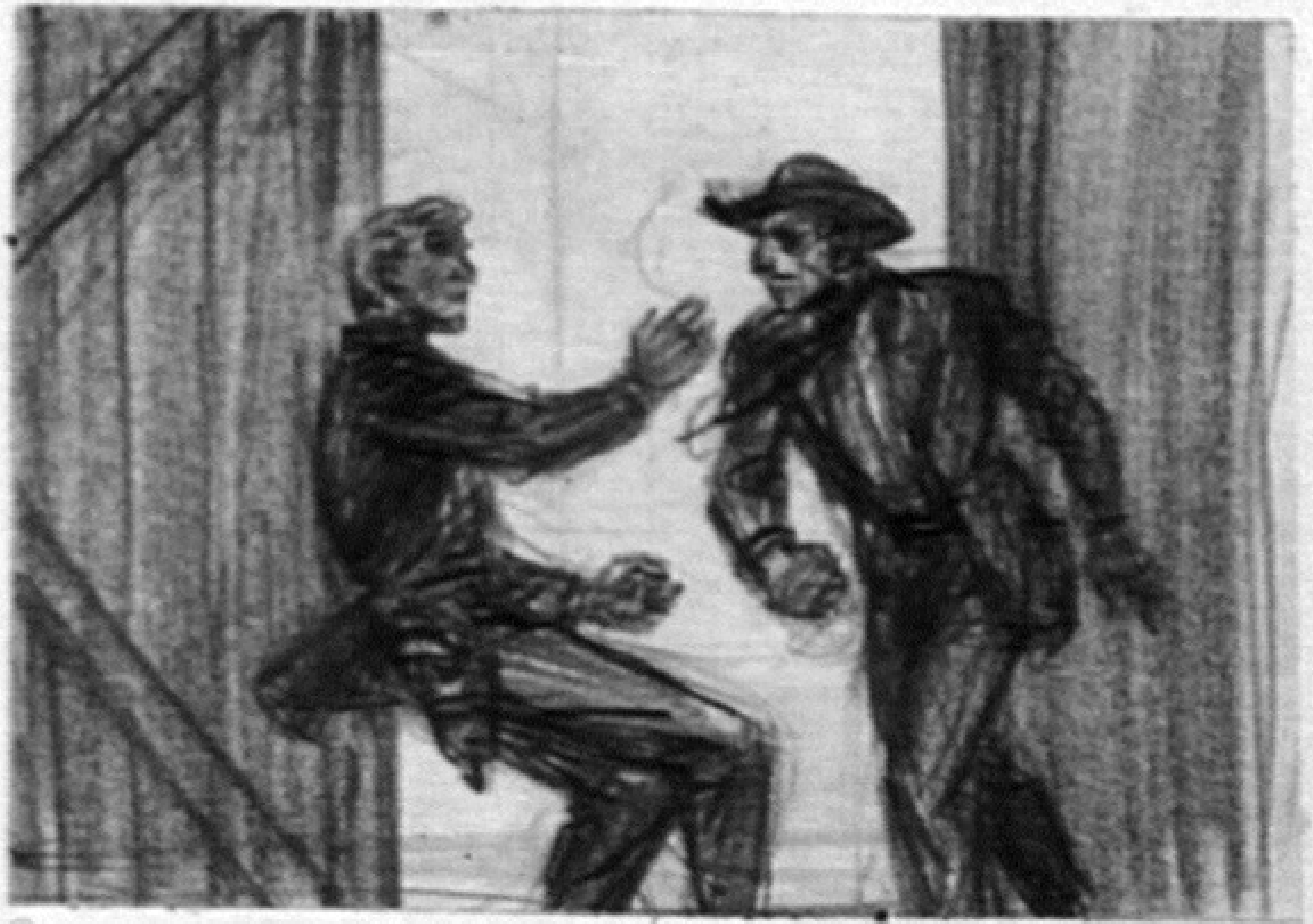
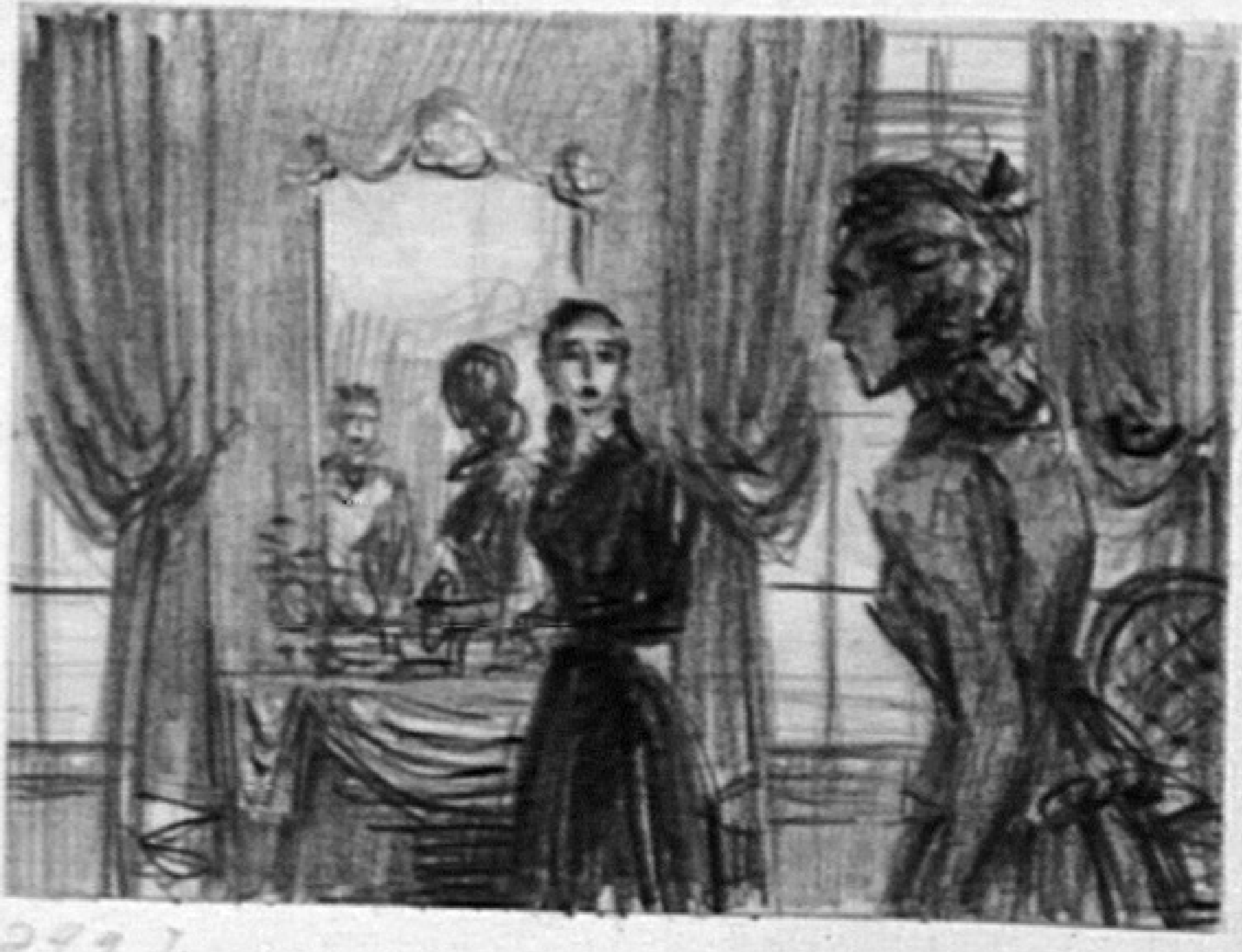


184-185



242J



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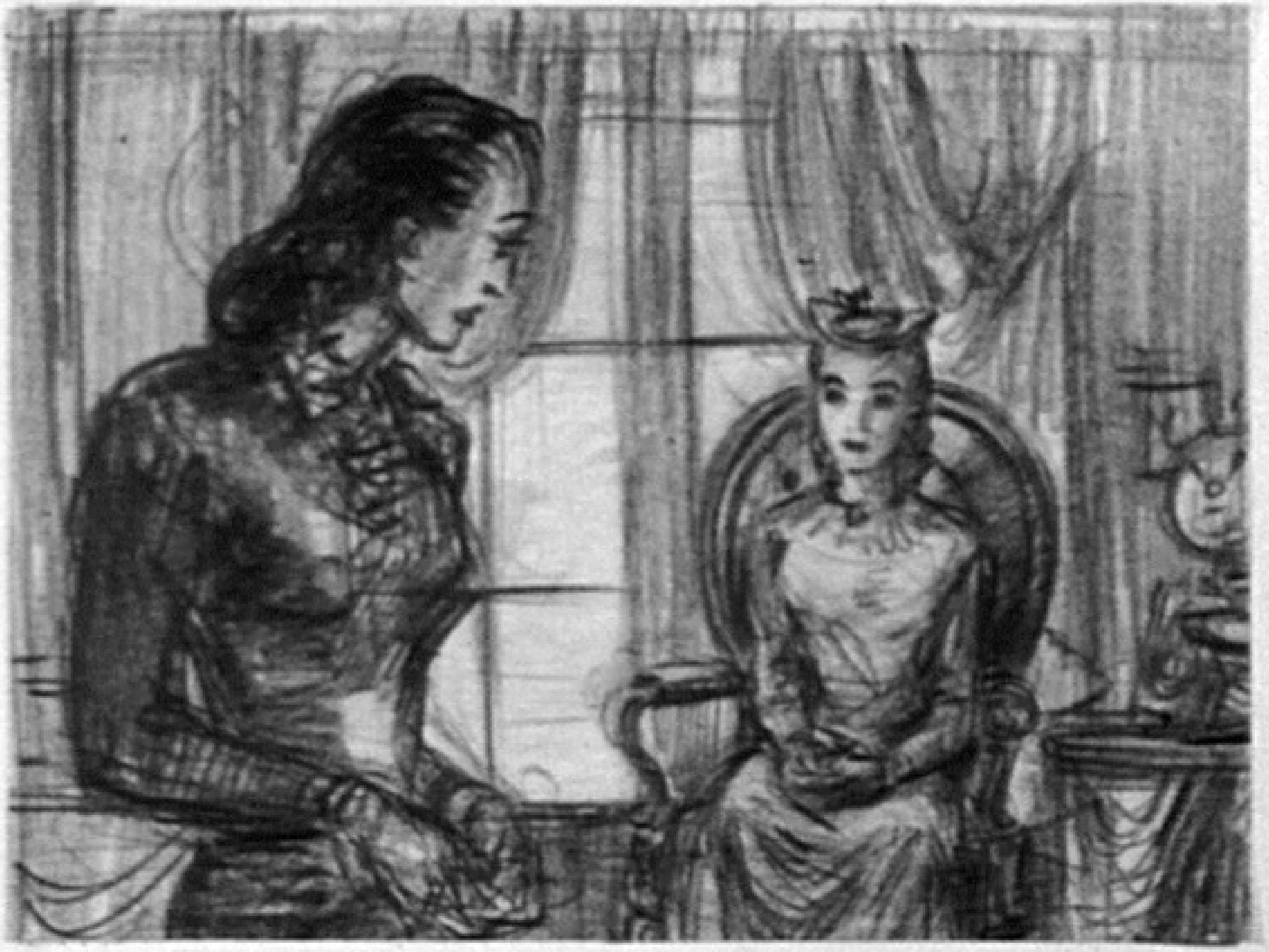
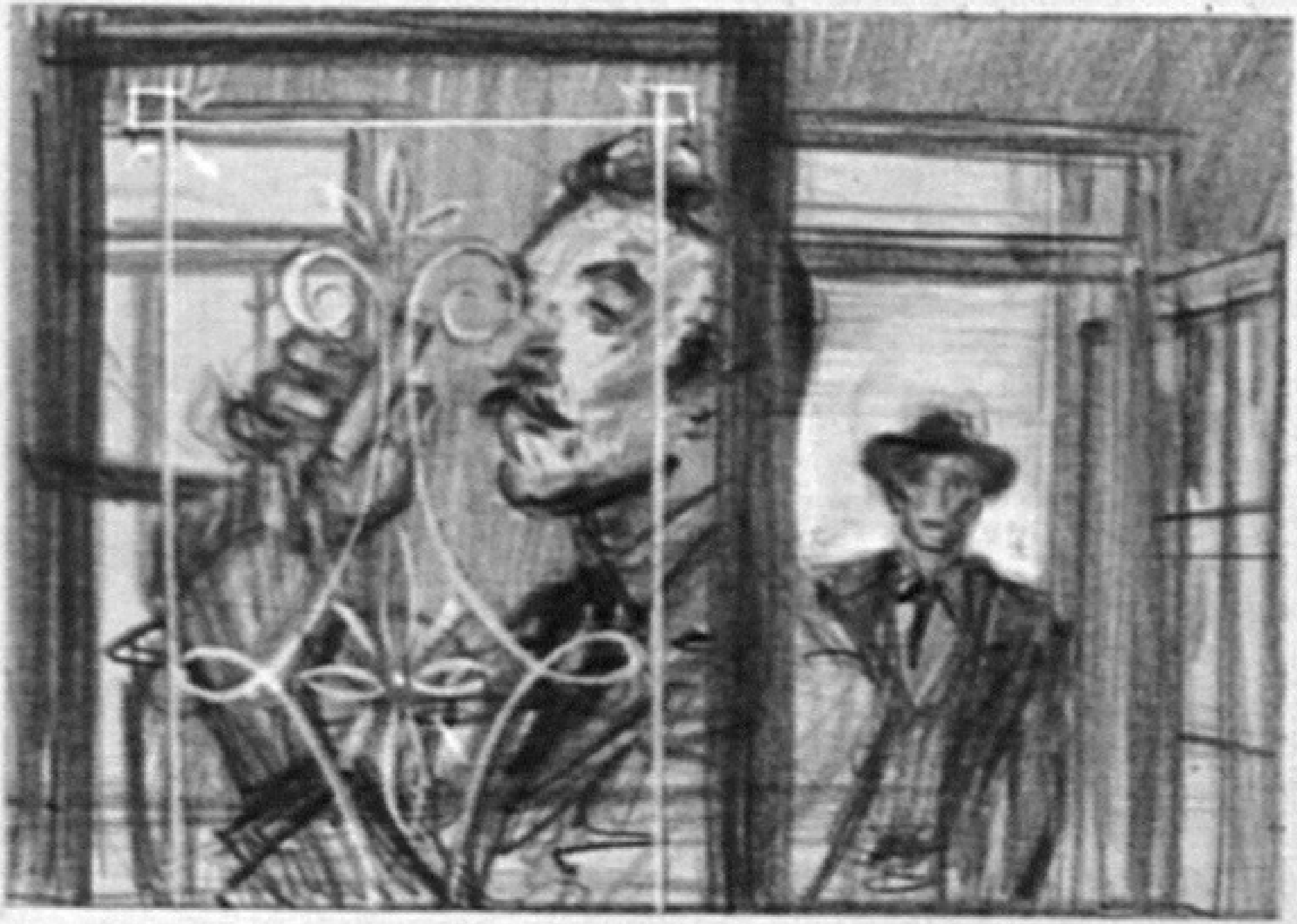
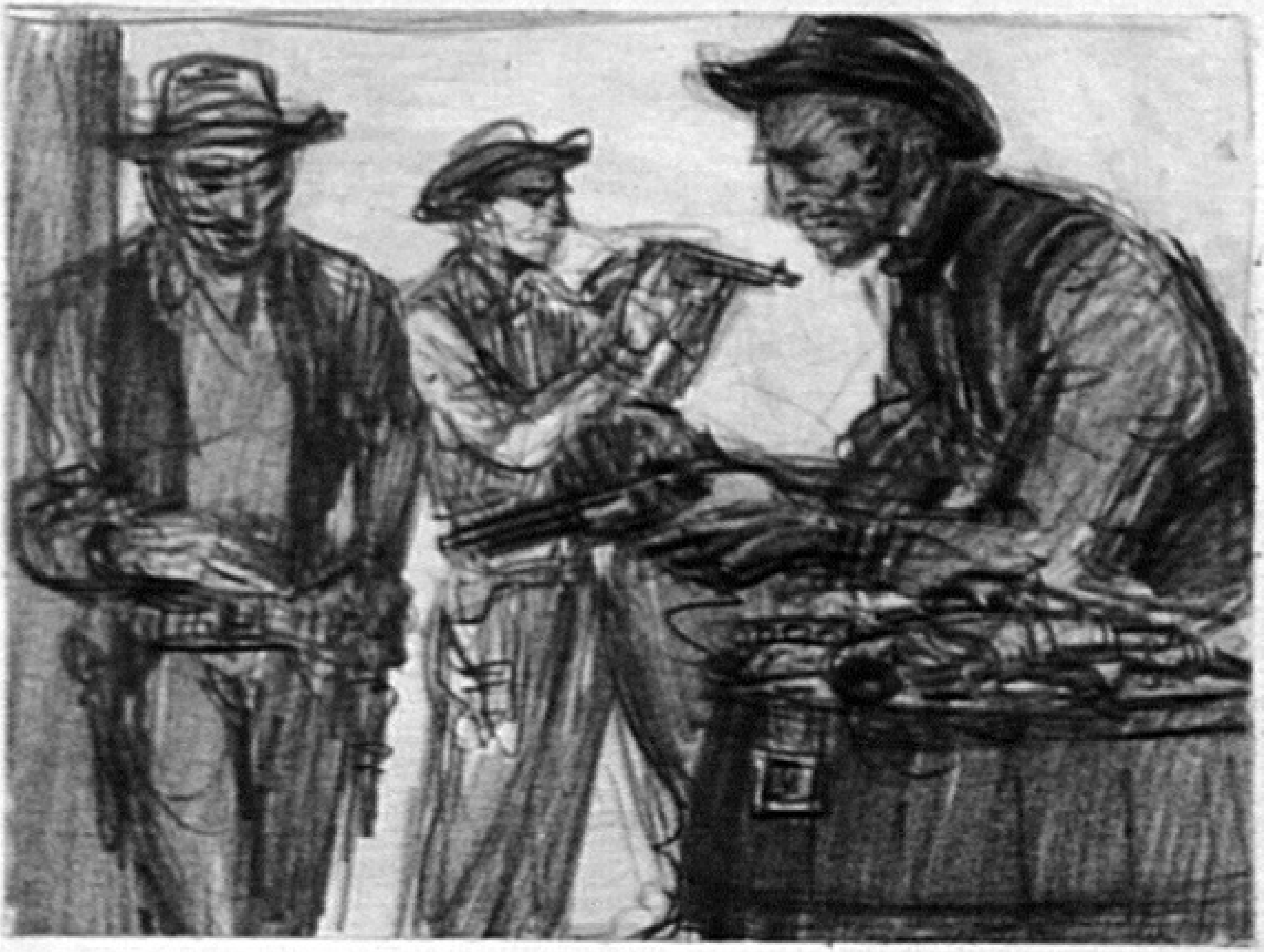


249J



255 C



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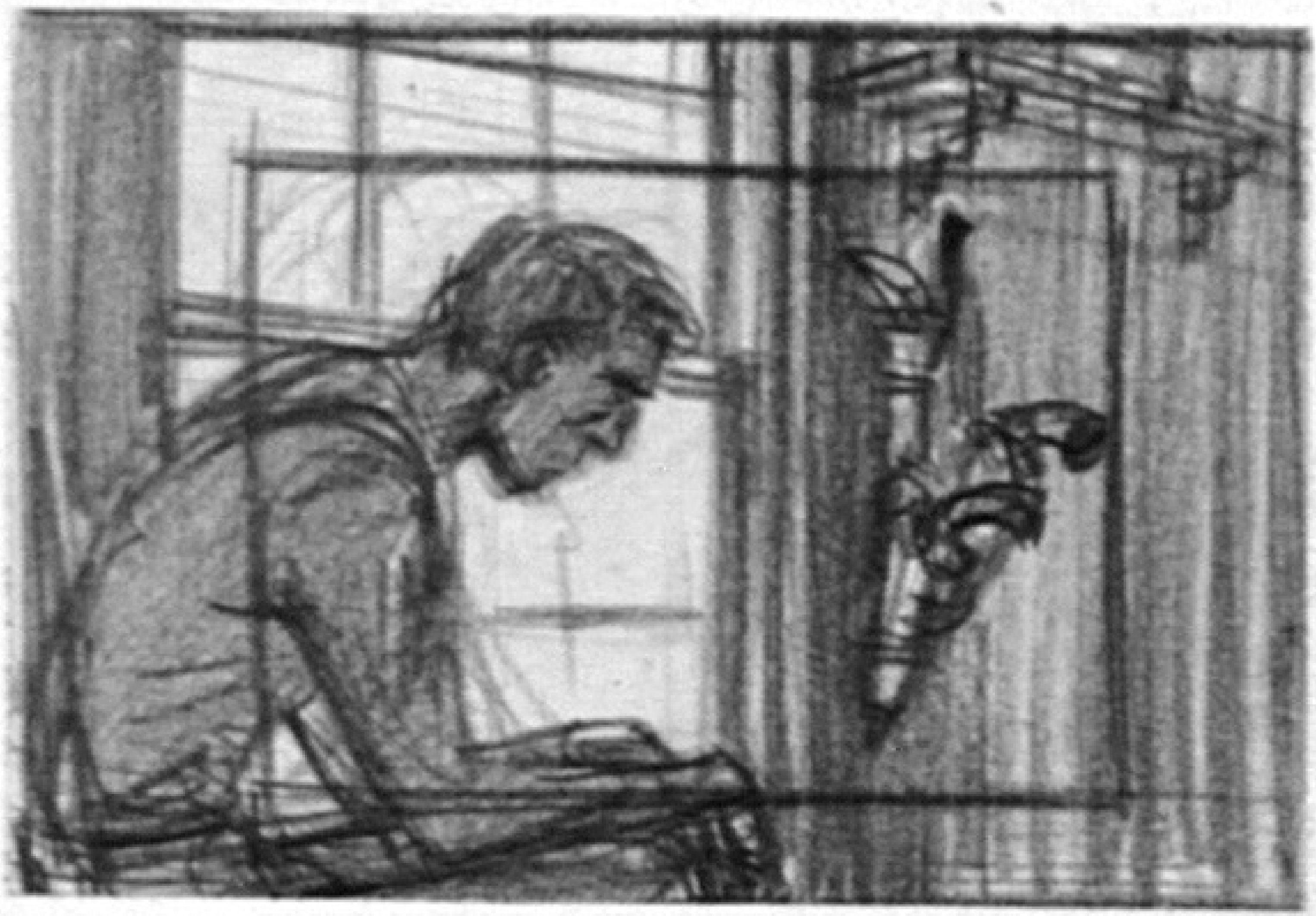

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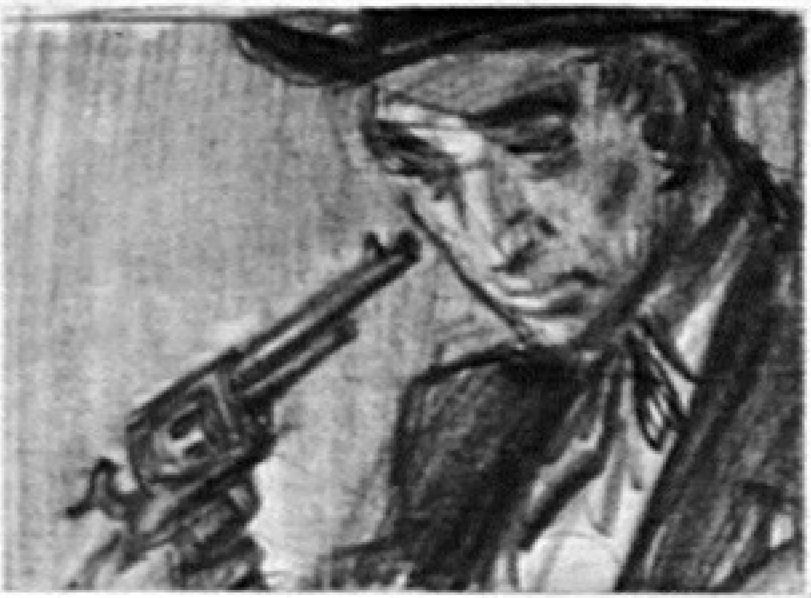

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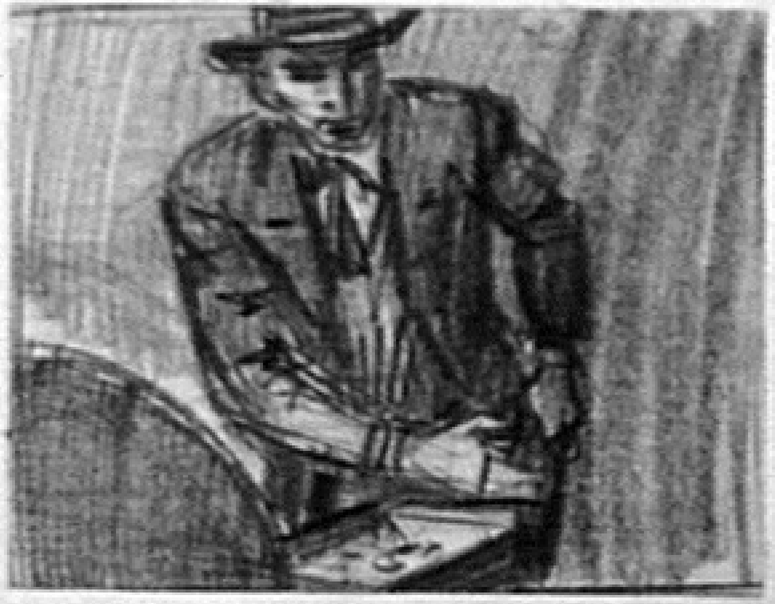

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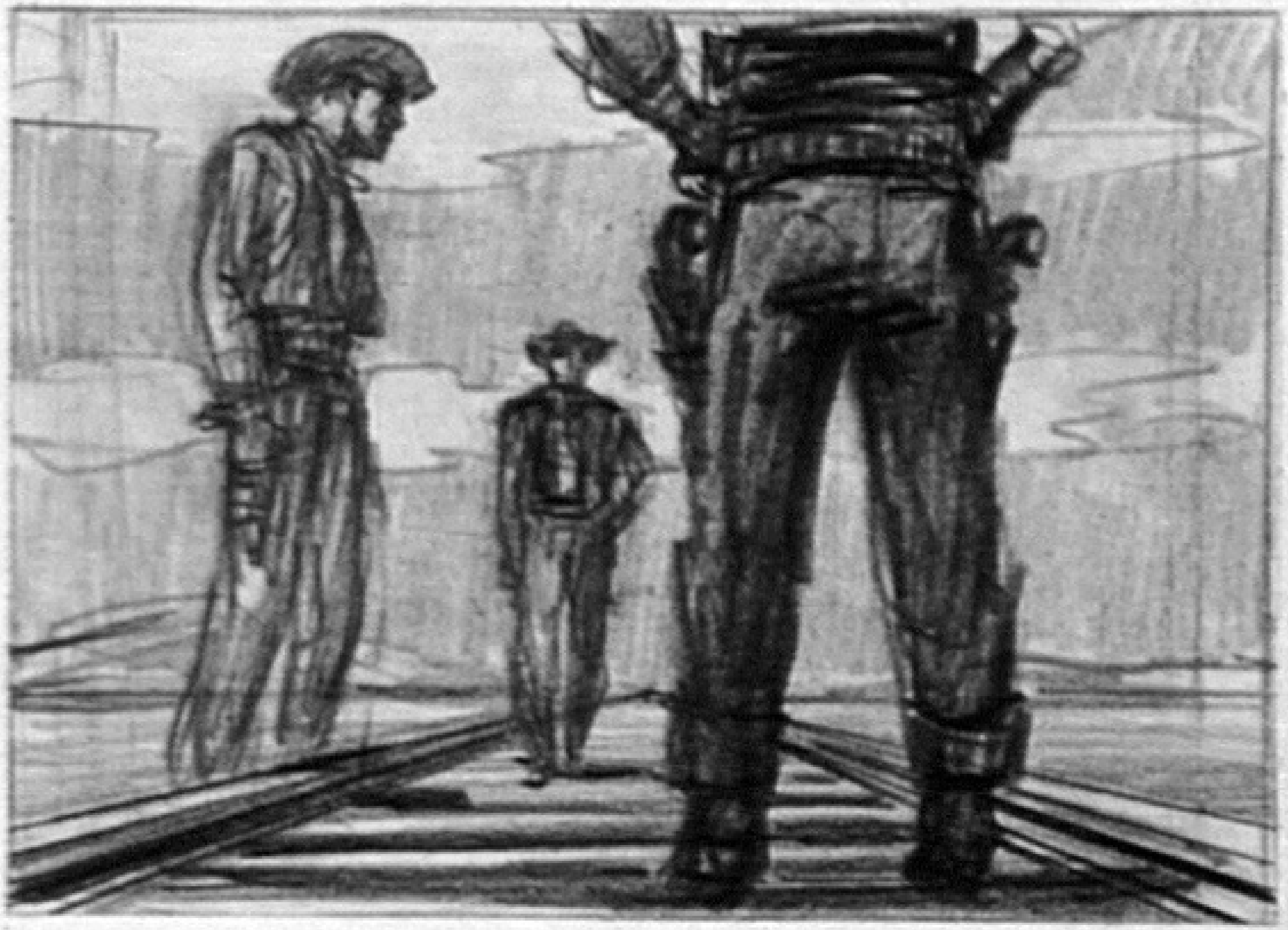

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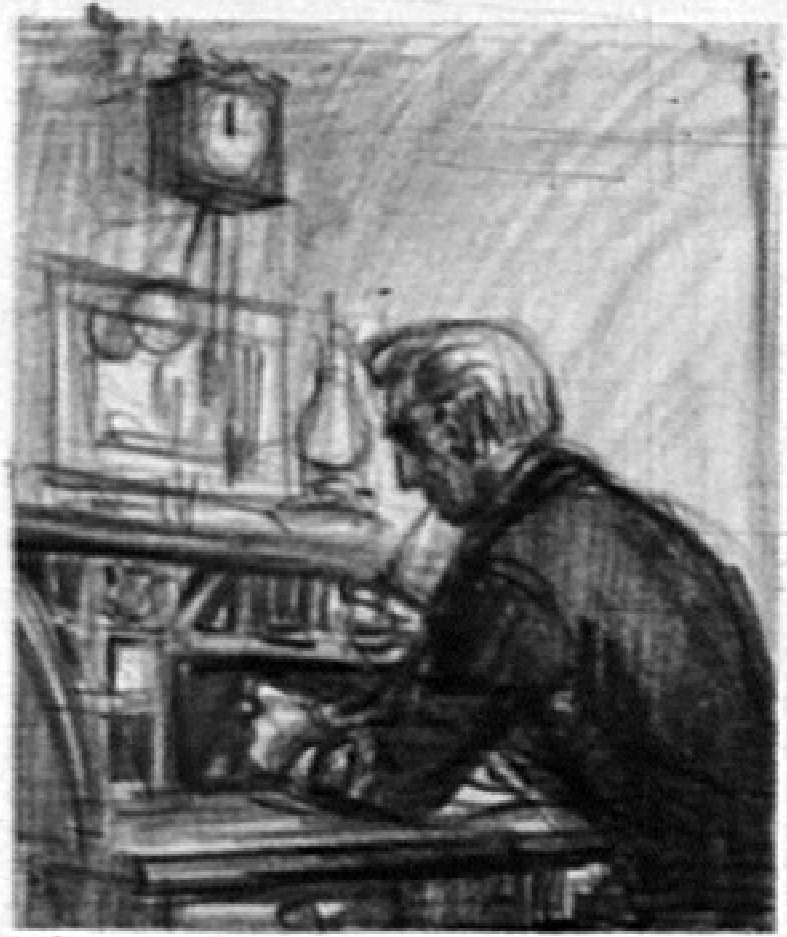

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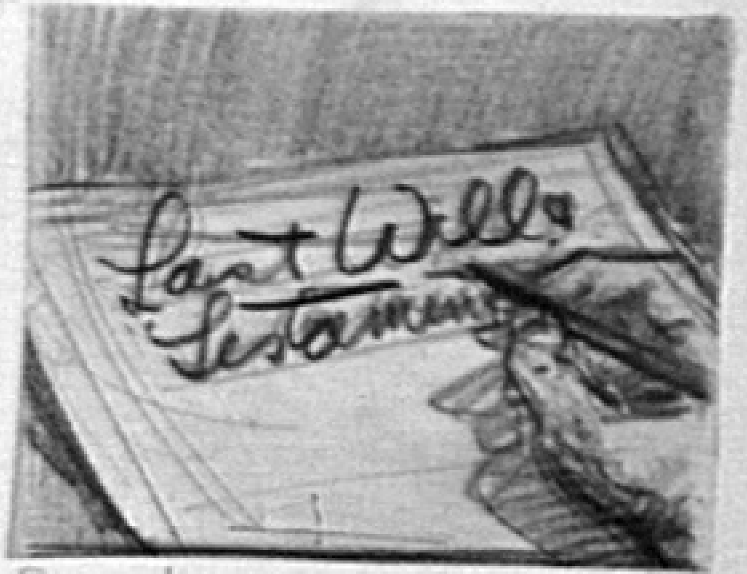
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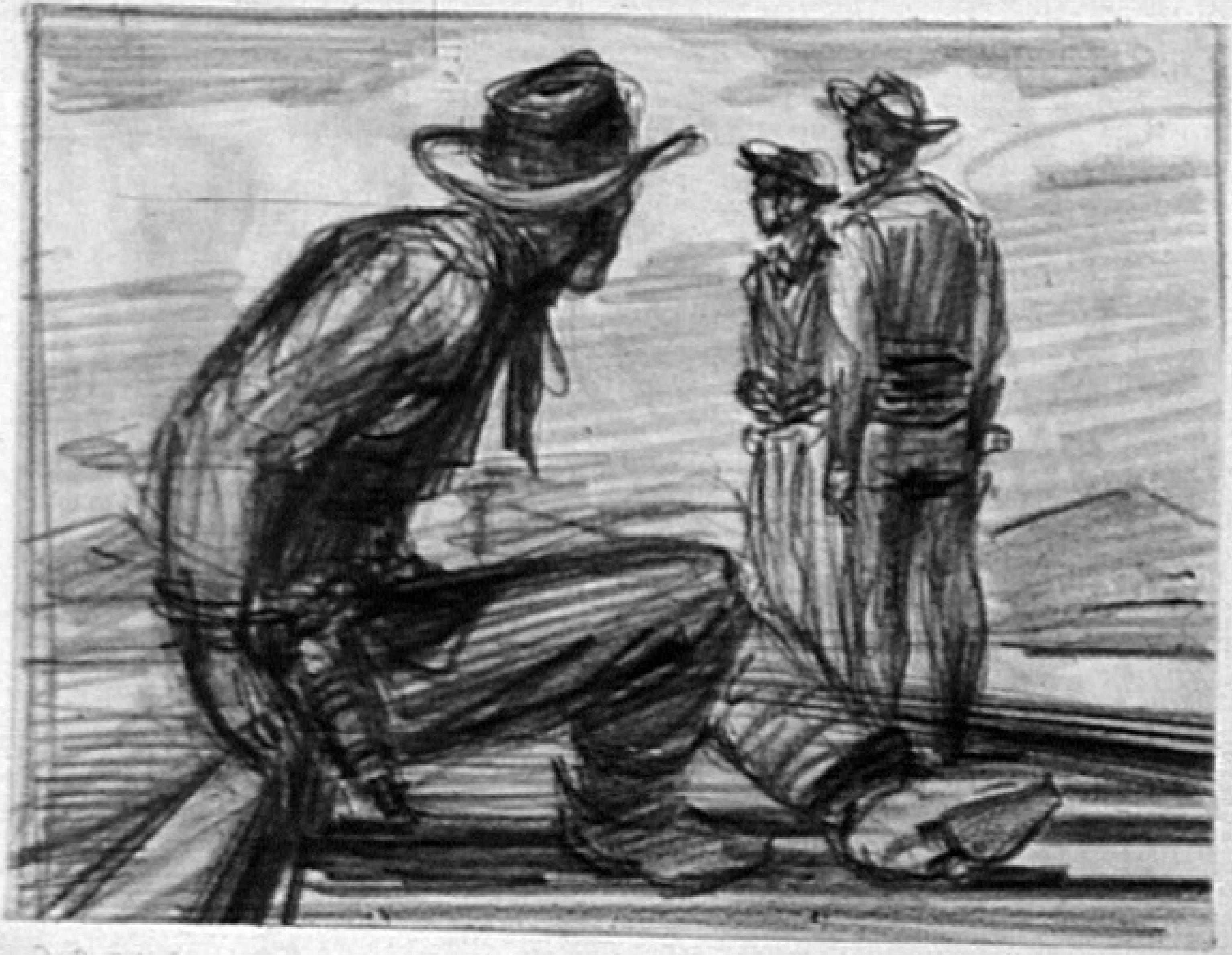

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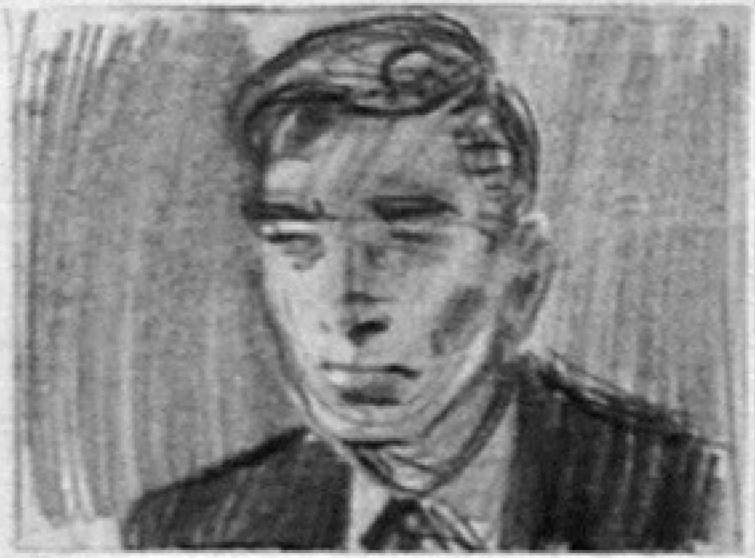

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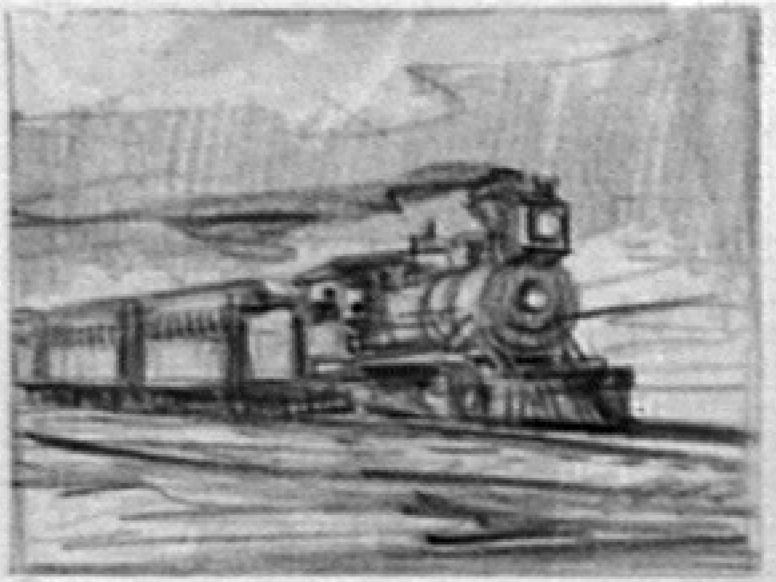

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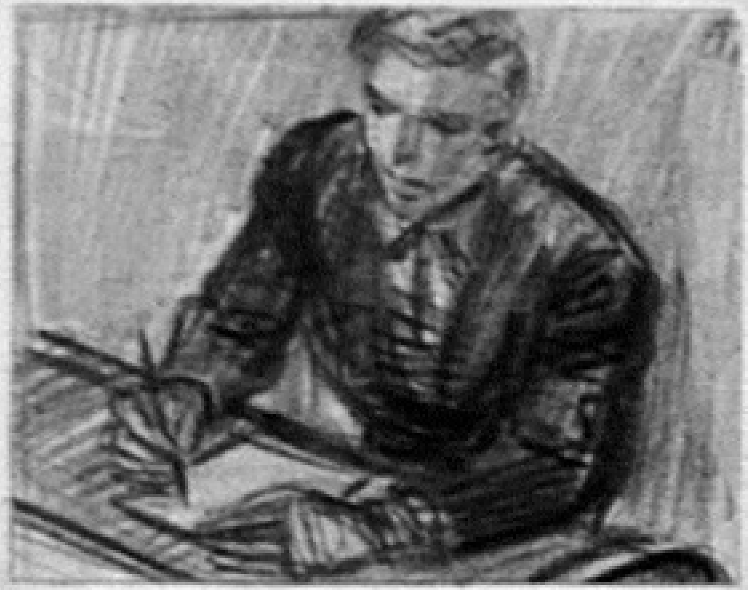

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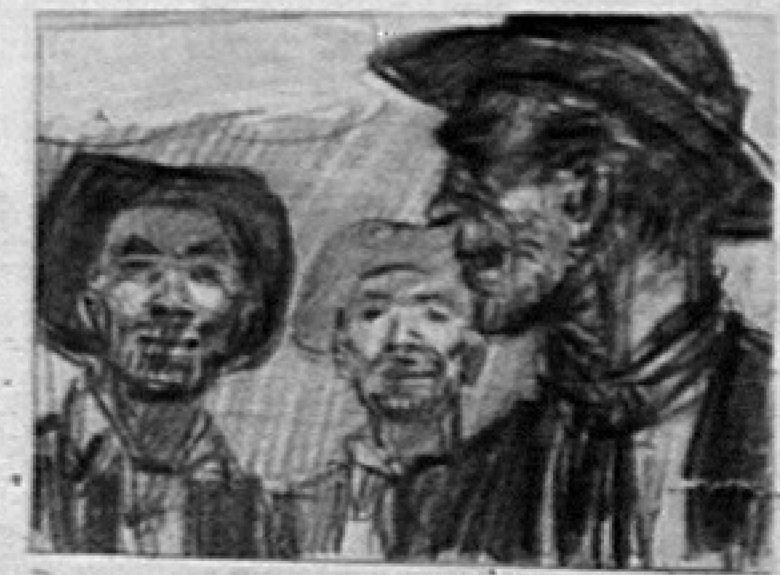

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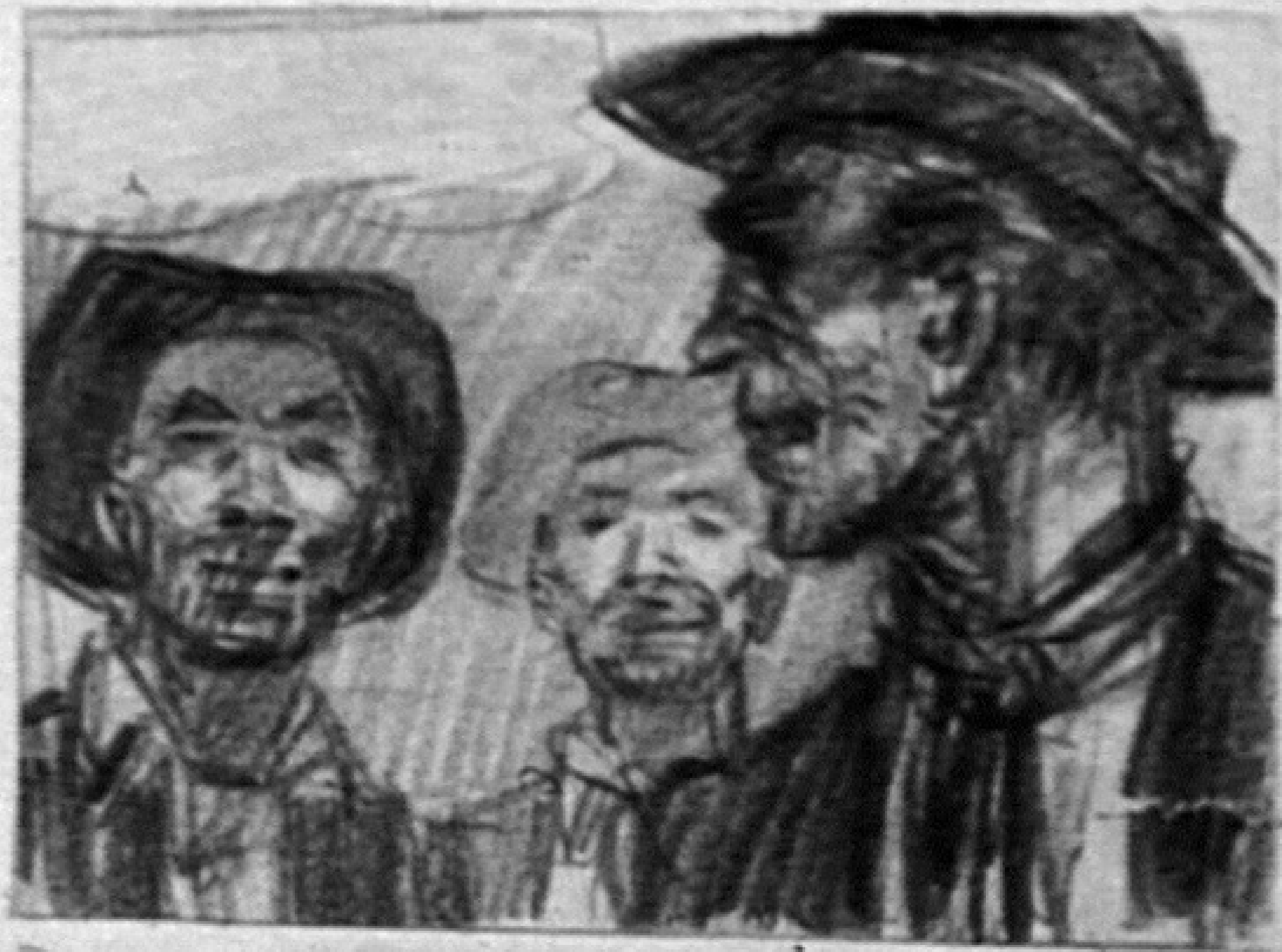

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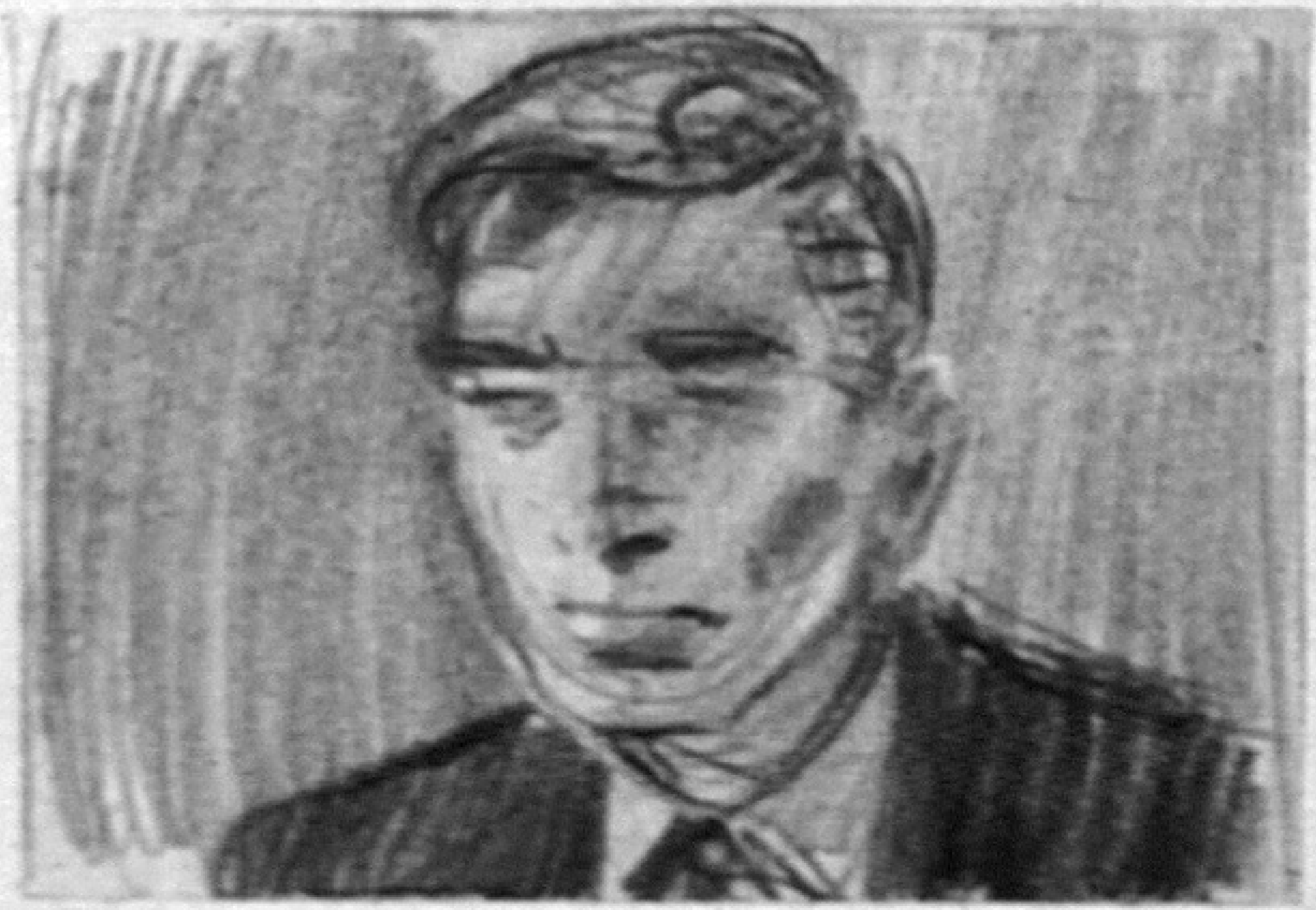

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Following are Carl Foreman's notes on the background, setting, and time-frame of *High Noon*. Several of the points that Foreman explains here are not made evident in the film. This is a common practice, since notes such as these are often written to help actors and others involved in the production to understand motivation and characterization.

SOME NOTES ABOUT THE STORY

THE TIME is about 1870 or 1875.

THE PLACE is HADLEYVILLE, population around 400, located in a Western territory still to be determined, a town just old enough to have become pleasantly aware of its existence, and to begin thinking about its appearance.

There is one street, a rambling, crooked affair that begins at the railroad station, meanders along through the town, ends a little way past the relatively new Commercial Hotel, and then becomes a narrow and disappearing path into the prairie. Most of the people in town, particularly those in better circumstances, have built houses away from the street, and some of them even have small lawns and flower patches, most of them rather pathetic.

Between the station and the hotel are to be found the majority of the settings for the action of the story: the Marshal's office and the courtroom, the Ramirez Bar, the barber shop, the general store, the livery stable.

Other establishments that should be indicated but will not be used (as of this writing) will be in tune with the place and period: a bank, restaurants, rooming houses, a millinery shop, a hand laundry, etc. Almost all the buildings along the street have some kind of structures behind them, such as outhouses or sheds or, in some cases, living quarters.

Not so long ago, Hadleyville, like many other frontier towns that were at the mercy of nearby feudal barons, had been terrorized by Gil Jordan and his retainers.

From his ranch, Gil Jordan had ruled Hadleyville, and ruled it ruthlessly and cruelly. There are still men - and women, too - who bear the physical marks of Jordan's maniacal rages. Five years ago, however, Marshall Will Doane, backed by a half dozen hard-riding deputies, had broken the Jordan gang and arrested Jordan for murder. At his trial, he had been sentenced to hang, but Jordan's influential friends in the territorial capital had had his sentence commuted to life imprisonment.

Now, five years later, Hadleyville is a safe place for women and children. Law and order have been so firmly established that Doane now has only two deputies.

THE PEOPLE are MARSHAL WILL DOANE, HELEN RAMIREZ, AMY DOANE, HARVEY PELL and others.

WILL DOANE is in his middle thirties. Adequately educated, he is a second-generation westerner in a land that is still spreading out. Like most of the other citizens of Hadleyville, he is not a native of the town. He is direct, practical, not too articulate. His approach to the job of peace officer is matter-of-fact, unromantic, but in the five years that he has been town marshal he has always liked it. He has enjoyed the prestige it has given him, and the knowledge that he is respected and liked by the townspeople. Now that he is being married, he is leaving the job and the town with some regret, but secure in the feeling that he is doing the sensible thing in moving to another town, where a general store should do good business.

He is, certainly, not an average man, but a very human one. Some two years ago he had a somewhat lengthy affair with:

HELEN RAMIREZ. She is two years older than Doane, a victim of an era and environment with rigid social standards. To begin with, Helen is half Mexican, and thus neither acceptable to the "pure" American women of the region, nor eligible for a "good" marriage. Consequently, in addition to being intelligent, shrewd and strong-willed, she is also hard and resentful. Physically, she is handsome, full-breasted, passionate. More, she has style, personality.

Some years ago, Helen had married Ramirez, the local saloon-keeper. After his death she had become Gil Jordan's mistress. With Jordan in jail for life, Helen had herself selected Will Doane as his successor, and Helen still cannot forgive Doane for ending the liason, for this is a privilege she reserves for herself. Recently, she has allowed herself to drift into an affair with Harvey Pell, Doane's friend and deputy. A good business woman, she has long since disposed of her interest in the Ramirez saloon, and is a silent partner in the town's general store.

AMY DOANE is, without knowing it, one of the new women of the period, women who are beginning to rebel against the limitations and restrictions of the Victorian epoch. Young, attractive, intelligent, strong-willed, Amy is determined not to be a sheltered toy-wife but a full partner in marriage, and it is she who has planned their future. More, Amy has strong emotional and intellectual convictions against any form of violence, because her father and brother were killed while taking part in Vigilante action, and she has since embraced the Quaker faith. Marriage to Doane would have been unthinkable had he remained a peace officer.

HARVEY PELL is younger than Doane, his deputy and friend. But beneath that friendship is a nagging sense of inferiority and an envy of Doane. Thus, although he has secretly taken Doane's place as Helen's lover, he has a feeling that he has not really replaced Doane. In addition, Harvey is ambitious, anxious to prove his manhood and importance. He has hoped to be appointed Marshal in Doane's place, and he has expected that Doane would secure the position for him. Since the promotion has not taken place, he is resentful towards Doane for this as well. Yet, with all this, there is a remnant of the old liking. Doane, however, is unaware of the change of Harvey's feelings toward him.

OTHERS ARE: PERCY METTRICK, Justice of the Peace; JONAS HENDERSON, WILLIAM FULLER and MARTIN HOWE, selectmen; MILT JORDAN, PIERCE and COLBY, remnants of the Jordan gang; SAM, Helen's elderly retainer; TOBY, Doane's other deputy; and a surprising number of other bits.

METTRICK is urbane, cultured, cynical, unmarried, middle-aged.

HENDERSON AND FULLER, and their WIVES, are in the same age category, and very solid citizens.

MART HOWE is about sixty, a bachelor. He has been a peace officer all his life, but age and the arthritis that has crippled his hands have caused his retirment some years before.

MILT JORDAN, Gil's younger brother, JAMES PIERCE and JACK COLBY are all that remains of the Jordan bunch. Milt is handsome, wild, with cruel eyes and a quick, meaningless smile. Colby is dour, remote, indrawn. Pierce, the oldest and the leader, is a chronically sour-tempered man, nervous and irritable.

SAM is thin, leathery, taciturn man about Martin Howe's age. He looks as if he has known a considerable amount of violence and hard-living (and probably lawlessness) in his time, from which - like Mart Howe - he has retired, but in his own way. Helen Ramirez is the only person in town - and perhaps the world - for whom he has any feeling. You sense that he is intensely loyal and devoted, that he understands and admires her, and that he is content to be her watch-dog.

DR. MAHIN, the minister, is a sincere, devout, unworldly man, who has his share of human weakness.

TOBY, Doane's other Deputy, is about Harvey Pell's age. Lacking Harvey's tense drive, he is good-natured, easy-going, dependable in a fight.

Other characters will be described as we go along. However, while we are here, we may as well describe the settings for some of the scenes to follow.

These are: (1) the Commercial Hotel, (2) Helen Ramirez' rooms, (3) the courtroom, (4) the Marshal's office, (5) the Ramirez Bar, (6) the Barbershop,

(7) the livery stable, (8) the Church, (9) the railroad station, (10) Martin Howe's home, (11) William Fuller's home, (12) the general store and (13) Mendoza's place.

The COMMERCIAL HOTEL would seem to be about six years old. It is a two-story building. The desk is in the center hall, on one side of which is the small lobby, and on the other, cut off from view by curtains or swinging doors, the dining room. From the hall, a stairway leads up to the second floor, where all rooms are entered from the hall.

HELEN RAMIREZ occupies two connecting rooms on the second floor of the hotel, toward the front. One is her bedroom, and the other has been furnished as a kind of sitting room or what was called a front room then. The front room overlooks the street. Her taste is fairly expensive, feminine and good.

WILL DOANE'S OFFICE, which he shares with Judge Mettrick, is in a one-story building on the main street. On one side of the office is the COURTROOM and on the other the jail. The court-room is still a somewhat makeshift affair, but the bench, witness stand, jury box, attorney tables and spectators' section can be recognized. We will probably not see the jail. The Doane-Mettrick office should be large enough to contain two desks, chairs, etc. The "Gun-Fighter" had a very good marshal's office.

The RAMIREZ BAR is a typical small saloon of the period - a bar and some tables, but no dance floor, no stage, no glittering gambling layouts.

THE CHURCH has a capacity of about 200, a small wooden structure. It has a small organ, or whatever they were called then, and behind the pulpit there hangs a large painted replica of the Ten Commandments.

THE BARBER SHOP has one chair and a round card table. The window bears the following legend: BARBAR SHOP AND DENTIST. HOT BATHS. Then lower down, and in smaller letters: DIGNIFIED UNDERTAKING. H. LeSIEUR, Prop.

Behind the shop are living quarters and space designed for Mr. LeSieur's other activities, but we will see none of these except the shed where coffins are built and stored.

MART HOWE'S HOME is small, simple, almost barren reflecting his bachelorhood. WILLIAM FULLER'S HOME is larger, more affluently furnished in the taste of the period, and fussy, showing the hand and taste of his wife. Although we will use both exteriors, we will probably see only the living-room of each house.

THE LIVERY STABLE fronts on the main street, but the stable part, where the horses are stalled, is at the rear, and out of sight and hearing from the street.

THE RAILROAD STATION, for our purposes, is one small building. Part of this is waiting room, and part has been partitioned off to be the Station-Master's Office. The office windows look out to the track and to a large bench outside. It is presently planned to play the material with Milt Jordan, Pierce and Colby outside the station house.

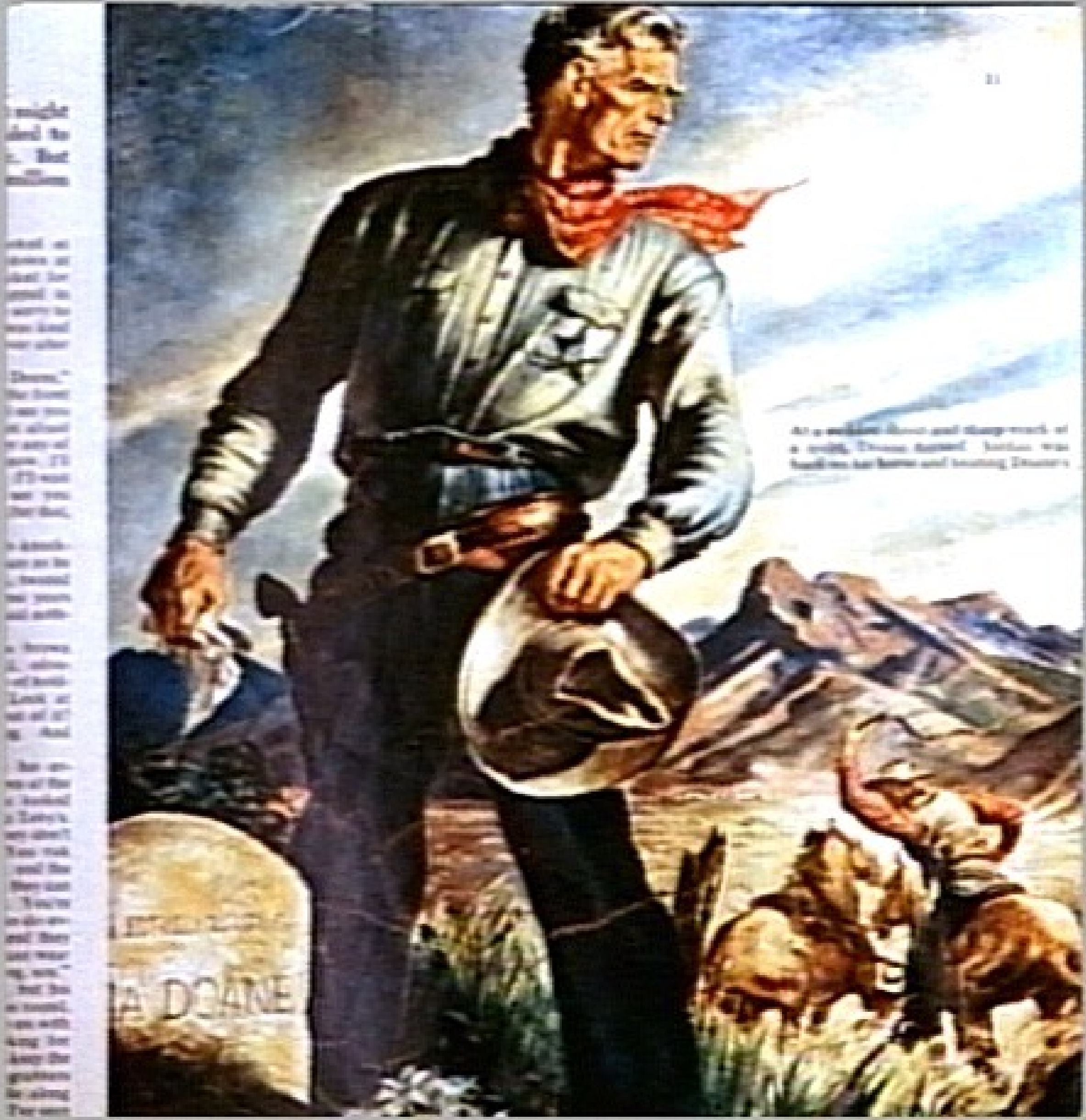
THE GENERAL STORE is a typical store of the period. If possible, it should be indicated that the store is a prosperous one. It shouldn't be too large, though.

MENDOZA'S PLACE is a stopping-off place some five or ten miles from town, containing rude accomodations for horses and humans. For our purposes, we will probably see only the corral, the exterior of the building and the interior of the combined bar and eating space - in other words, one large room containing a bar, tables, a large fire-place, etc. It is not a fancy place. For a good picturization of this kind of establishment, you should see "Stage-Coach."

After writing the first draft of *High Noon*, Carl Foreman took the story to his agent, who said that it sounded familiar. A search turned up the short story, "The Tin Star," by John Cunningham, which had appeared in the December 6th, 1947 issue of **Colliers** magazine. Rudy Behlmer, in *America's Favorite Movies: Behind the Scenes* (1982) quotes Foreman as saying:

"Now whether I had read this back in 1947 or not is very hard to say. It's quite likely that I did, and that what I was guilty of was unconscious plagiarism. . . so we bought the story." Such inadvertent borrowing is not uncommon in the creative process.

The complete text of "The Tin Star" follows.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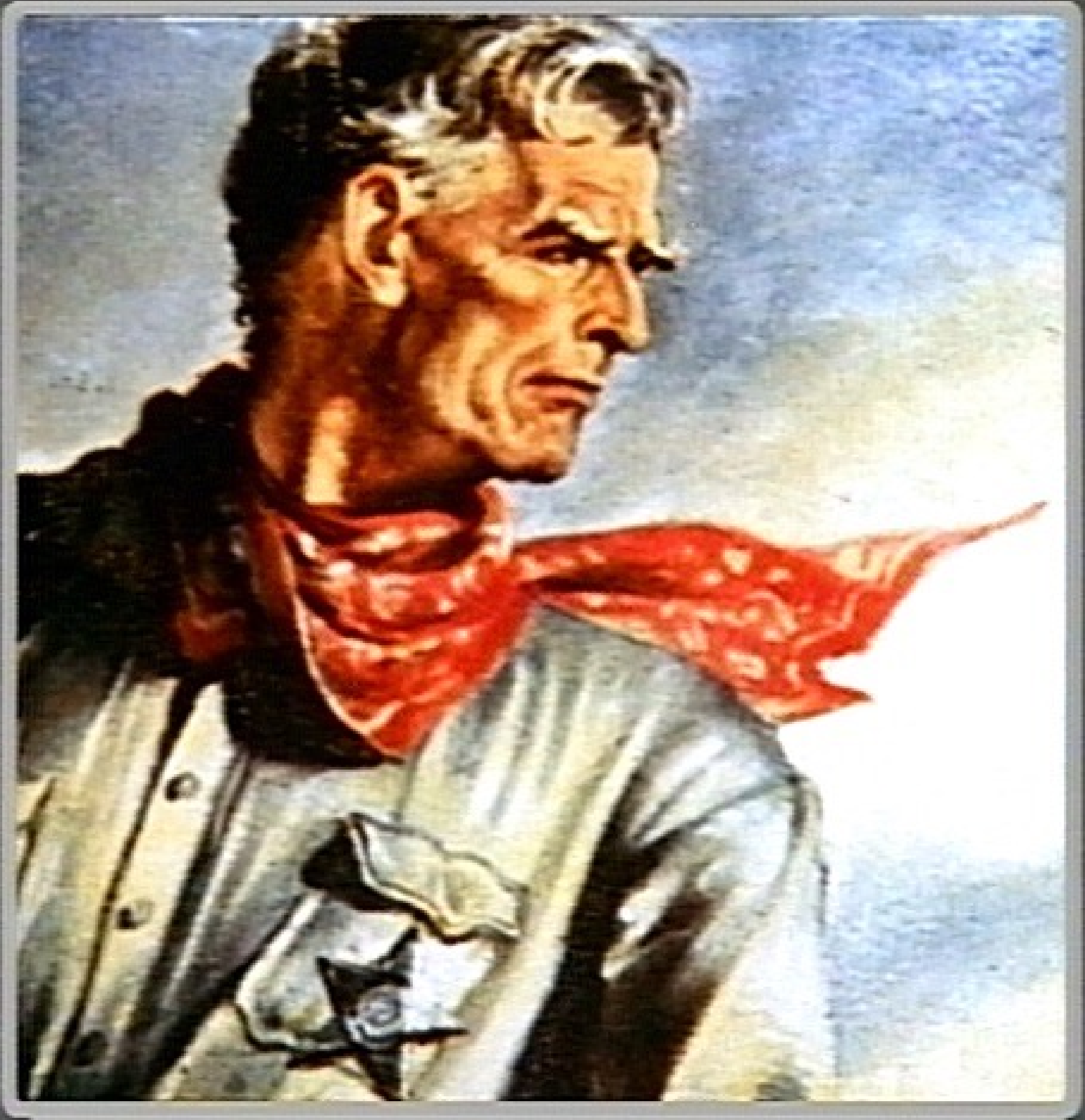

THE TIN STAR

by John M. Cunningham

Sheriff Doane looked at his deputy and then down at the daisies he had picked for his weekly visit, lying wrapped in newspaper on his desk. "I'm sorry to hear you say that, Toby. I was kind of counting on you to take over after me."

"Don't get me wrong, Doane," Toby said, looking through the front window. "I'm not afraid. I'll see you through this shindig. I'm not afraid of Jordan or young Jordan or any of them. But I want to tell you now. I'll wait till Jordan's train gets in. I'll wait to see what he does. I'll see you through whatever happens. After that, I'm quitting."

Doane began kneading his knuckles, his face set against the pain as he gently rubbed the misshapen, twisted bones. Using his fists all these years hadn't helped the gout. He said nothing.

Toby looked around, his brown eyes troubled in his round, olive-skinned face. "What's the use of holding down a job like this? Look at you. What'd you ever get out you can wear a tin star. It's a job for a dog, son."

Toby's voice did not rise, but his eyes were a little wider in his round, gentle face. "Then why keep on with it? What for? I been working for you for two years -- trying to keep the law so sharp-nosed money-grabbers can get rich, while we piddle along on what the county pays us. I've seen men I used to bust playing marbles going up and down this street on four-hundred-dollar saddles, and what've I got? Nothing. Not a damned thing."

There was a little smile around Doane's wide mouth. "That's right, Toby. It's all for free. The headaches, the bullets and everything, all for free. I found that out long ago." The mock-grave look vanished. "But somebody's got to be around and take care of things." He looked out of the window at the people walking up and down the crazy boardwalks. "I like it free. You know what I mean? You don't get a thing for it. You've got to risk everything. And you're free inside. Like the larks. You know the larks? How they get up in the sky and sing when they want to? A pretty bird. A very pretty bird. That's the way I like to feel inside."

Toby looked at him without expression. "That's the way you look at it. I don't see it. I've only got one life. You talk about doing it all for nothing, and that gives you something. What? What've you got now, waiting for Jordan to come?"

"I don't know yet. We'll have to wait and see."

Toby turned back to the window. "All right, but I'm through. I don't see any sense in risking your neck for nothing."

"Maybe you will," Doane said, beginning to work on his hands again.

"Here comes Mettrick. I guess he don't give up so easy. He's still got that resignation in his hand."

"I guess he doesn't," Doane said. "But I'm through listening. Has young Jordan come out of the saloon yet?"

"No," Toby said, and stepped aside as the door opened. Mettrick came in. "Now listen, Doane," he burst out, "for the last time--"

"Shut up, Percy," Doane said. "Sit down over there and shut up or get out."

The flare went out of the mayor's eyes. "Doane," he moaned, "you are the biggest-- "

"Shut up," Doane said. "Toby, has he come out yet?"

Toby stood a little back from the window, where the slant of golden sunlight, swarming with dust, wouldn't strike his white shirt.

"Yes. He's got a chair. He's looking this way, Doane. He's still drinking. I can see a bottle on the porch beside him."

"I expected that. Not that it makes much difference." He looked down at the bunch of flowers.

Mettrick, in the straight chair against the wall, looked up at him, his black eyes scornful in his long, hopeless face.

"Don't make much difference? Who the hell do you think you are, Doane? God? It just means he'll start the trouble without waiting for his stinking brother, that's all it means." His hand was shaking, and the white paper hanging listlessly from his fingers fluttered slightly. He looked at it angrily and stuck it out at Doane. "I gave it to you. I did the best I could. Whatever happens, don't be blaming me, Doane. I gave you a chance to resign, and if --" He left off and sat looking at the paper in his hand as though it were a dead puppy of his that somebody had run a buggy over.

Doane, standing with the square, almost chisel-pointed tips of his fingers just touching the flowers, turned slowly with the care of movement he would have used around a crazy horse. "I know you're my friend, Percy. Just take it easy, Percy. If I don't resign, it's not because I'm ungrateful."

"Here comes Staley with the news," Toby said from the window. "He looks like somebody just shot his grandma."

Percy Mettrick laid his paper on the desk and began smoothing it out ruefully. "It's not as though it were dishonorable, Doane. You should have quit two years ago, when your hands went bad. It's not dishonorable now. You've still got time."

He glanced up at the wall clock. "It's only three. You've got an hour before he gets in, you can take your horse..." As he talked to himself, Doane looking slantwise at him with his little smile, he grew more cheerful. "Here." He jabbed a pen out a Doane. "Sign it and get out of town."

The smile left Doane's mouth. "This is an elective office. I don't have to take orders, even if you are mayor." His face softened. "It's simpler than you think, Percy. When they didn't hang Jordan, I knew this day would come. Five years ago, I knew it was coming, when they gave him that silly sentence. I've been waiting for it."

"But not to commit suicide," Mettrick said in a low voice, his eyes going down to Doane's gouty hands. Doane's knobby, twisted fingers closed slowly into fists, as though hiding themselves; his face flushed slightly. "I may be slow, but I can still shoot."

The mayor stood up and went slowly over to the door.

"Goodby, Doane."

"I'm not saying goodby, Percy. Not yet."

"Goodby," Mettrick repeated, and went out of the door.

Toby turned from the window. His face was tight around the mouth. "You should have resigned like he said, Doane. You ain't a match for one of them alone, much less two of them together. And if Pierce and Frank Colby come, too, like they was all together before --"

"Shut up, shut up," Doane said. "For God's sake, shut up." He sat down suddenly at the desk and covered his face with his hands. "Maybe the pen changes a man."

He was sitting stiff, hardly breathing.

"What are you going to do, Doane?"

"Nothing. I can't do anything until they start something. I can't do a thing. ...Maybe the pen changes a man. Sometimes it does. I remember --"

"Listen, Doane," Toby said, his voice, for the first time, urgent. "It maybe changes some men, but not Jordan. It's already planned, what they're going to do. Why else would young Jordan be over there, watching? He's come three hundred miles for this."

"I've seen men go in the pen hard as rock and come out peaceful and settle down. Maybe Jordan --"

Toby's face relapsed into dullness. He turned back to the window listlessly. Doane's hand dropped.

"You don't think that's true, Toby?"

Toby sighed. "You know it isn't so, Doane. He swore he'd get you. That's the truth."

Doane's hands came up again in front of his face, but this time he was looking at them, his big gray eyes going quickly from one to the other, almost as though he were afraid of them. He curled his fingers slowly into fists, and uncurled them slowly, pulling with all his might, yet slowly. A thin sheen on his face reflected the sunlight from the floor. He got up.

"Is he still there?" he asked.

"Sure, he's still there."

"Maybe he'll get drunk. Dead drunk."

"You can't get a Jordan that drunk."

Doane stood with feet apart, looking at the floor, staring back and forth along one of the cracks. "Why didn't they hang him?" he asked the silence in the room.

Toby kept his post by the window, not moving a muscle in his face, staring out at the man across the street. "I don't know," he said. "For murder, they should. I guess they should, but they didn't."

Doane's eyes came again to the flowers, and some of the strain went out of his face. Then suddenly his eyes closed and he gave a long sigh, and then, luxuriously, stretched his arms. "Good God!" he said, his voice easy again. "It's funny how it comes over you like that." He shook his head violently. "I don't know why it should. It's not the first time. But it always does."

"I know," Toby said.

"It just builds up and then it busts."

"I know."

"The train may be late."

Toby said nothing.

"You never can tell," Doane said, buckling on his gun belt. "Things may have changed with Jordan. Maybe he won't even come. You never can tell. I'm going up to the cemetery as soon as we hear from Staley."

"I wouldn't. You'd just tempt young Jordan to start something."

"I've been going up there every Sunday since she died."

"We'd best both just stay in here. Let them make the first move."

Feet sounded on the steps outside and Doane stopped breathing for a second. Staley came in, his face pinched, tight and dead, his eyes on the floor. Doane looked him over carefully.

"Is it on time?" he asked steadily.

Staley looked up, his faded blue eyes distant, pointed somewhere over Doane's head. "Mr. Doane, you ain't handled this thing right. You should of drove young Jordan out of town." His hand went to his chest and he took off the deputy's badge.

"What are you doing?" Doane asked sharply.

"If you'd of handled it right, we could have beat this," Staley said, his voice louder.

"You know nobody's done nothing yet," Toby said softly, his gentle brown eyes on

Staley. "There's nothing we can do until they start something."

"I'm quitting, Mr. Doane," Staley said. He looked around for someplace to put the star. He started for the desk, hesitated, and then awkwardly, with a peculiar diffidence, laid the star gently on the window sill.

Doane's jaw began to jut a little. "You still haven't answered my question. Is the train on time?"

"Yes. Four ten. Just on time." Staley stood staring at Doane, then swallowed. "I saw Frank Colby. He was in the livery putting up his horse. He'd had a long ride on that horse. I asked him what he was doing in town -- friendly like." He ducked his head and swallowed again. "He didn't know I was deputy, I had my star off." He looked up again. "They're all meeting together, Mr. Doane. Young Jordan, and Colby and Pierce. They're going to meet Jordan when he comes in. The same four."

"So you're quitting," Doane said.

"Yes, sir. It ain't been handled right."

Toby stood looking at him, his gentle

eyes dull. "Get out," he said, his voice low and tight.

Staley looked at him, nodded and tried to smile, which was too weak to last. "Sure."

Toby stook a step toward him. Staley's eyes were wild as he stood against the door. He tried to back out of Toby's way.

"Get out," Toby said again, and his small brown fist flashed out. Staley stepped backward and fell down the steps in a sprawling heap, scrambled to his feet and hobbled away. Toby closed the door slowly.

He stood rubbing his knuckles, his face red and tight.

"That didn't do any good," Doane said softly.

Toby turned on him. "It couldn't do no harm," he said acidly, throwing the words into Doane's face.

"You want to quit, too?" Doane asked, smiling.

"Sure, I want to quit," Toby shot out. "Sure. Go on to your blasted cemetery, go on with your flowers, old man --" He sat down suddenly on the straight chair. "Put a flower up there for me, too."

Doane went to the door. "Put some water on the heater, Toby. Set out the liniment that the vet gave me. I'll try it again when I get back. It might do some good yet."

He let himself out and stood in the sunlight on the porch, the flowers drooping in his hand, looking against the sun across the street at the dim figure under the shaded porch.

Then he saw the two other shapes hunkered against the front of the saloon in the shade of the porch, one on each side of young Jordan, who sat tilted back in a chair. Colby and Pierce. The glare of the sun beat back from the blinding white dust and fought shimmering in the air.

Doane pulled the brim of his hat farther down in front and stepped slowly down to the board sidewalk, observing carefully from squinted eyes, and just as carefully avoiding any pause which might be interpreted as a challenge.

Young Jordan had the bottle to his lips as Doane came out. He held it there for a moment motionless, and then, as Doane reached the walk, he passed the bottle slowly sideward to Colby and leaned forward, away from the wall, so that the chair came down softly. He sat there, leaning forward slightly, watching while Doane untied his horse. As Doane mounted, Jordan got up. Colby's hands grabbed one of his arms. He shook it off and untied his own horse from the rail.

Doane's mouth tightened and his eyes looked a little sad. He turned his horse, and holding the flowers so the jog would not rattle off the petals, headed up the street, looking straight ahead.

The hoofs of his horse made soft, almost inaudible little plops in the deep dust. Behind him he heard a sudden stamping of hoofs and then the harsh splitting and crash of wood. He looked back. Young Jordan's horse was up on the sidewalk, wild-eyed and snorting with young Jordan leaning forward half out of the saddle, pushing himself from the horse's neck, back off the horn of the saddle, swaying insecurely. And as Jordan managed the horse off the sidewalk, Doane looked quickly forward again, his eyes fixed distantly ahead and blank.

He passed men he knew, and out of the corner of his eye he saw their glances slowly follow him, calm, or gloomy, or shrewdly speculative. As he passed, he knew their glances were shifting to the man whose horse was softly coming behind him. It was like that all the way up the steet. The flowers were drooping markedly now.

The town petered out with a few Mexican shacks, the road dwindled to broad ruts, and the sage was suddenly on all sides of him, stretching away toward the heat-obscured mountains like an infinite multitude of gray-green sheep. He turned off the road and began the slight ascent up the little hill whereon the cemetery lay. Grasshoppers shrilled invisibly in the sparse, dried grass along the track, silent as he came by, and shrill again as he passed, only to become silent again as the other rider came.

He swung off at the rusty barbed wire Missouri gate and slipped the loop from the post, and the shadow of the other slid tall across his path and stopped. Doane licked his lips quickly and looked up, his grasp tightening on the now sweat-wilted newspaper. Young Jordan was sitting his horse, open-mouthed, leaning forward with his hands on the pommel to support himself, his eyes vague and dull. His lips were wet and red, and hung in a slight smile.

A lark made the air sweet over to the left, and then Doane saw it, rising into the air. It hung in the sun, over the cemetery.

Moving steadily and avoiding all suddenness, Doane hung his reins over the post.

"You don't like me, do you?" young Jordan said. A long thread of saliva descended from the corner of his slackly smiling mouth.

Doane's face set into a sort of blank preparedness. He turned and started slowly through the gate, his shoulders hunched up and pulled backward.

Jordan got down from the saddle, and Doane turned toward him slowly. Jordan came forward straight enough, with his feet apart, braced against staggering. He stopped three feet from Doane, bent forward, his mouth slightly open.

"You got any objections to me being in town?"

"No," Doane said, and stood still.

Jordan thought that over, his eyes drifting idly sideways for a moment. Then they came back, to a finer focus this time, and he said, "Why not?" hunching forward again, his hands open and held away from the holsters at his hips.

Doane looked at the point of his nose. "You haven't done anything, Jordan. Except get drunk. Nothing to break the law."

"I haven't done nothing," Jordan said, his eyes squinting away at one of the small, tilting tombstones. "By God, I'll do something. Whadda I got to do?" He drew his head back, as though he were farsighted, and squinted. "Whadda I got to do to make you fight, huh?"

"Don't do anything," Doane said quietly, keeping his voice even. "Just go back and have another drink. Have a good time."

"You think I ain't sober enough to fight?" Jordan slipped his right gun out of its holster, turning away from Doane. Doane stiffened. "Wait, mister," Jordan said.

He cocked the gun. "See that bird?" He raised the gun into the air, squinting along the barrel. The bright nickel of its finish gleamed in the sun. The lark wheeled and fluttered. Jordan's arm swung unsteadily in a small circle.

He pulled the trigger and the gun

blasted. The lark jumped in the air, flew away about twenty feet, and began circling again, catching insects.

"Missed 'im," Jordan mumbled, lowering his arm and wiping sweat off his forehead. "Damn it, I can't see!" He raised his arm again. Again the heavy blast cracked Doane's ears. Down in the town, near the Mexican huts, he could see tiny figures run out into the street.

The bird didn't jump this time, but darted away out of sight over the hill.

"Got him," Jordan said, scanning the

sky. His eyes wandered over the graveyard for a moment, looking for the bird's body. "Now do you see?" he said, turning to Doane, his eyes blurred and watering with the sun's glare. "I'm going down and shoot up the damned town. Come down and stop me, you old --"

He turned and lurched sideways a step, straightened himself out and walked more steadily toward his horse, laughing to himself. Doane turned away, his face sick, and trudged slowly up the hill, his eyes on the ground.

He stopped at one of the newer graves. The headstone was straight on this one. He looked at it, his face hanging expression. "Here lies Cecelia Doane, born 1837, died 1885, the loyal wife..."

He stooped and pulled a weed from the side of the grave, then pulled a bunch of withered stems from a small green funnel by the headstone, and awkwardly took the fresh flowers out of the newspaper. He put the flowers into the funnel, wedging them firmly down into the bottom, and set it down again. He stood up and moved back, wiping sweat from his eyes.

A sudden shout came from the gate, and the sharp crack of a quirt. Doane turned with a befuddled look.

Jordan was back on his horse, beating Doane's. He had looped the reins over its neck so that it would run free. It was tearing away down the slope headed back for town.

Doane stood with his hat in his hand, his face suddenly beet red. He took a step after Jordan, and then stood still, shaking a little. He stared fixedly after him, watching him turn into the main road and toward the main street again. Then sighing deeply, he turned back to the grave. Folding the newspaper, he began dusting off the heavy slab, whispering to himself. "No, Cissie. I could have gone. But, you know -- it's my town."

He straightened up, his face flushed, put on his hat, and slapping the folded paper against his knee, started down the path. He got to the Missouri gate, closed it, and started down the ruts again.

A shot came from the town, and he stopped. Then there were two more, sharp spurts of sound coming clear and definite across the sage. He made out a tiny figure in a blue shirt running along a sidewalk.

He stood stock-still, the grasshoppers singing in a contented chorus all around him in the bright yellow glare. A train whistle came faint from off the plain, and he looked far across it. He made out the tiny trailed plume of smoke. His knees began to quiver very slightly and he began to walk, very slowly, down the road.

Then suddenly there was a splatter of shots from below. The train whistle came again, louder, a crying wail of despair in the burning, brilliant, dancing air.

He began to hurry, stumbling a little in the ruts. And then he stopped short, his face open in fear. "My God, my empty horse, those shots -- Toby, no!"

He began to run, shambling, awkward and stumbling, his face ashen.

From the end of the street, as he hobbled panting past the tight-shut Mexican shanties, he could see a blue patch in the dust in front of the saloon, and shambled to a halt. It wasn't Toby, whoever it was, lying there face down: face buried in the deep, pillowing dust, feet still on the board sidewalk where the man had been standing.

A shot smashed ahead of him and he stopped, shrinking against a store front. Inside, through the glass door, he could see two pale faces in the murk. Blue powder smoke curled out from under the saloon porch ahead of him.

Another shot smashed, this time from his office. The spurt of smoke, almost invisible in the sunlight, was low down in the doorway. Two horses were loose in the street now, his own, standing alert up past the saloon, and young Jordan's half up on the boardwalk under one of the porches.

He walked forward, past young Jordan's horse, to the corner of the saloon building. Another shot slammed out of his office door, the bullet smacking the window ahead of him. A small, slow smile grew on his mouth. He looked sideways at the body in the street. Young Jordan lay with the back of his head open to the sun, crimson and brilliant, his bright nickel gun still in his right hand, its hammer still cocked, unfired.

The train whistle moaned again, closer.

"Doane," Toby called from the office door, invisible. "Get out of town." There was a surge of effort in the voice, a strain that made it almost a squeal. "I'm shot in the leg. Get out before they get together."

A door slammed somewhere. Doane glanced down between the saloon and the store beside it. Then he saw, fifty yards down the street, a figure come out of another side alley and hurry away down the walk toward the station. From the saloon door another shot slammed across the street. Toby held his fire.

Doane peered after the running figure, his eyes squinting thoughtfully. The train's whistle shrieked again like the ultimatum of an approaching conqueror at the edge of town, and in a moment the ground under his feet began to vibrate slightly and the hoarse roar of braking wheels came up the street.

He turned back to young Jordan's horse, petted it around the head a moment and then took it by the reins close to the bit.

He guided it across the street, keeping its body between him and the front of the saloon, without drawing fire, and went on down the alley beside his office. At the rear door he hitched the horse and went inside.

Toby was on the floor, a gun in his hand, his hat beside him, peering out across the sill. Doane kept low, beneath the level of the window, and crawled up to him. Toby's left leg was twisted peculiarly and blood leaked steadily out from the boot top onto the floor. His face was sweating and very pale, and his lips were tight.

"I thought he got you," Toby said, keeping his eyes on the saloon across the street. "I heard those shots and then your horse came bucketing back down the street. I got Jordan. Colby got me in the leg before I got back inside."

"Never mind about that. Come on, get on your feet if you can and I'll help you on the horse in back. You can get out of town and I'll shift for myself."

"I think I'm going to pass out. I don't want to move. It won't hurt no worse getting killed than it does now. The hell with the horse! Take it yourself."

Doane looked across the street, his eyes moving over the door and the windows carefully, inch by inch.

"I'm sorry I shot him," Toby said. "It's my fault. And it's my fight now, Doane. Clear out."

Doane turned and scuttled out of the back. He mounted the horse and rode down behind four stores. He turned up another alley, dashed across the main street, down another alley, then back up behind the saloon.

He dismounted, his gun cocked in his hand. The back door of the place was open and he got through it quickly, the sound of his boot heels dimmed under the blast of a shot from the front of the saloon. From the dark rear of the room, he could see Pierce, crouched behind the bar, squinting through a bullet hole in the stained-glass bottom half of the front window.

There was a bottle of whisky standing on the bar beside Pierce; he reached out a hand and tilted the bottle up to his mouth, half turning toward Doane as he did so. Pierce kept the bottle to his lips, pretending to drink, and, with his right hand invisible behind the bar, brought his gun into line with Doane.

The tip of Pierce's gun came over the edge of the bar, the rest of him not moving a hair, and Doane, gritting his teeth, squeezed slowly and painfully on his gun trigger. The gun flamed and bucked in his hand, and he dropped it, his face twisting in agony. The bottle fell out of Pierce's hand

and spun slowly on the bar. Pierce sat there for a moment before his head fell forward and he crashed against the edge of the bar and slipped down out of sight.

Doane picked up his gun with his left hand and walked forward to the bar, holding his right hand like a crippled paw in front of him. The bottle had stopped revolving. Whisky inside it, moving back and forth, rocked it gently. He righted it and took a short pull at the neck, and in a moment the pain lines relaxed in his face.

He went to the batwing doors and pushed one of them partly open.

"Toby!" he called.

There was no answer from across the street, and then he saw the barrel of a revolver sticking out of his office door, lying flat, and behind it one hand, curled loosely and uselessly around the butt.

He looked down the street. The train stood across it. A brakeman moved along the cars slowly, his head down. There was nobody else in sight.

He started to step out, and saw then two men coming up the opposite walk, running fast. Suddenly one of them stopped, grabbing the other by the arm, and pointed at him. He stared back for a moment, seeing Jordan clearly now, the square, hard face unchanged except for its pallor, bleak and bony as before.

Doane let the door swing to and continued to watch them over the top of it. They talked for a moment. Then Colby ran back down the street -- well out of effective range -- sprinted across it and disappeared.

Down the street the engine, hidden by some building, chuffed angrily, and the cars began to move again. Jordan stood still, leaning against the front of a building, fully exposed, a hard smile on his face.

Doane turned and hurried to the back door. It opened outward. He slammed and bolted it, then hurried back to front and waited, his gun ready. He smiled as the back door rattled, turned and, fired a shot at it and listened. For a moment there was no sound. Then something solid hit it, bumped a couple of times and silence came again.

From the side of the building, just beyond the corner where Pierce's body lay, a shot crashed. The gun in the office door jumped out of the hand and spun wildly. The hand lay still.

He heard Jordan's voice from down the street, calling, the words formed slowly, slightly spaced.

"Is he dead?"

"Passed out," Colby called back.

"I'm going around back to get him. Keep Doane inside." Jordan turned and disappeared down an alley.

Doane leaned across the bar, knocked the bottles off the shelves of the back bar and held his pistol on the corner of the wall, about a foot above the floor.

"Pierce," he said.

"Throw out your guns," Pierce answered.

Doane squinted at the corner, moved his gun slightly and fired. He heard a cry of pain, then curses; saw the bat-wing doors swing slightly. Then he turned and ran for the back door. He threw back the bolt and pushed on the door. It wouldn't give. He threw himself against it. It gave a little at the bottom. Colby had thrown a stake against if to keep him locked in.

He ran back to the front.

Across the street, he could see somebody moving in his office, dimly, beyond the window. Suddenly the hand on the floor disappeared.

"Come on out, you old -----" Pierce said, panting. "You only skinned me." His voice was closer than before, somewhere between the door and the corner of the building, below the level of the stained glass.

Then Doane saw Toby's white shirt beyond the window opposite. Jordan was holding him up, and moving toward the door. Jordan came out on the porch hugging Toby around the chest, protecting himself with the limp body. With a heave he sent Toby flying down the steps, and jumped back out of sight. Toby rolled across the sidewalk and fell into the street, where he lay motionless.

Doane looked stupidly at Toby, then at young Jordan, still lying with his feet cocked up on the sidewalk.

He ain't dead, Doane," Jordan called. "Come on and get him if you want him alive." He fired through the window. Dust jumped six inches from Toby's head, almost in the same spot.

"Leave the kid alone," Doane called. This fight's between you and me."

"The next shot kills him, Doane."

Doane's face sagged white and he leaned against the side of the door. He could hear Pierce breathing heavily in the silence, just outside. He pushed himself away from the door and drew a breath through clenched teeth. He cocked his pistol and strode out, swinging around. Pierce fired from the sidewalk, and Doane aimed straight into the blast and pulled as he felt himself flung violently around by Pierce's bullet.

Pierce came up from the sidewalk and took two steps toward him, opening and shutting a mouth that was suddenly full of blood, his eyes wide and wild, and then pitched down at his feet.

Doane's right arm hung useless, his gun at his feet. With his left hand he drew his other gun and stepped out from the walk, his mouth wide open, as though he were going to scream, and took two steps toward Toby as Jordan came out of the office door, firing. The slug caught Doane along the side of his neck, cutting the shoulder muscle, and his head fell over to one side. He staggered on, firing. He saw Toby trying to get up, saw Jordan fall back against the front of his shirt, and the smile gone.

Jordan stood braced against the building, holding his gun in both hands, firing as he slid slowly down. One bullet took Doane in the stomach, another in the knee. He went down, flopped forward and dragged himself up to where Toby lay trying to prop himself up on one elbow. Doane knelt there like a dog, puking blood into the dust, blood running out of his nose, but his gray eyes almost indifferent, as though there were one man dying and another watching.

He saw Jordan lift his gun with both hands and aim it toward Toby, and as the hammer fell, he threw himself across Toby's head and took it in the back. He rolled off onto his back and lay staring into the sky.

Upside down, he saw Toby take his gun and get up on one elbow, level it at Jordan and fire, and then saw Toby's face, over his, looking down at him as the deputy knelt in the street.

They stayed that way for a long moment, while Doane's eyes grew more and more dull and the dark of his blood in the white dust grew broader. His breath was coming hard, in small sharp gasps.

"There's nothing in it, kid," he whispered. "Only a tin star. They don't hang the right ones. You got to fight everything twice. It's a job for a dog."

"Thank you, Doane."

"It's all for free. You going to quit, Toby?"

Toby looked down at the gray face, the mouth and chin and neck crimson, the gray eyes dull. Toby shook his head. His face was hard as a rock.

Doane's face suddenly looked a little surprised, his eyes went past Toby to the sky. Toby looked up. A lark was high above them, circling and fluttering, directly overhead. "A pretty bird," Doane mumbled. "A very pretty bird."

His head turned slowly to one side, and Toby looked down at him and saw him as though fast asleep.

He took Doane's gun in his hand, and took off Doane's star, and sat there in the street while men slowly came out of the stores and circled them. He sat there unmoving, looking at Doane's half-averted face, holding the two things tightly, one in each hand, like a child with a broken toy, his face soft and blurred, his eyes unwet.

After a while the lark went away. He looked up at the men, and saw Mettrick.

"I told him he should have resigned," Mettrick said, his voice tight. "He could have taken his horse --"

"Shut up," Toby said. "Shut up or get out." His eyes were sharp and his face placid and set. He turned to another of the men. "Get the doc," he said. "I've got a busted leg. And I've got a lot to do."

The man looked at him, a little startled, and then ran.

THE END

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